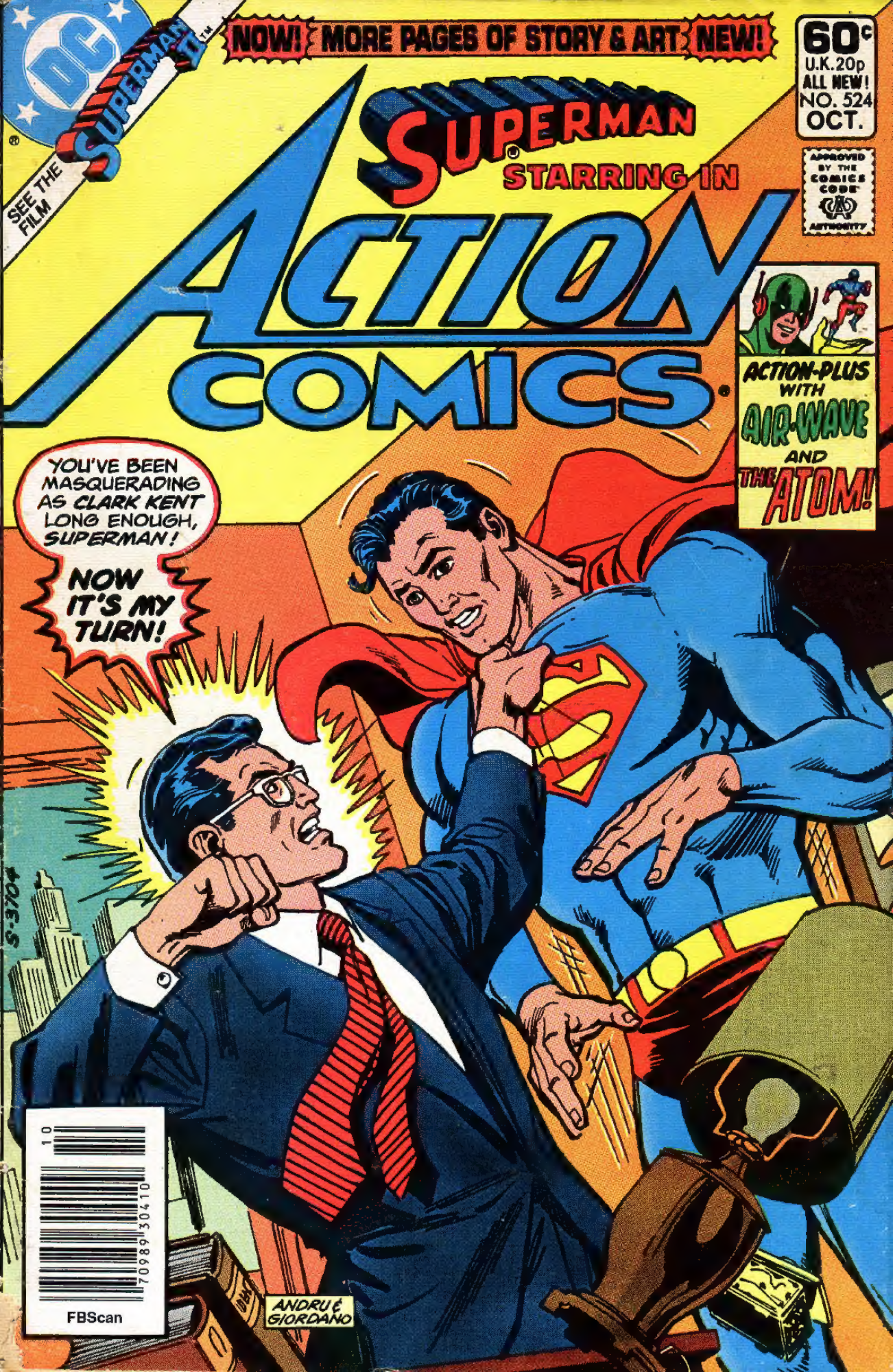
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ROCKETED AS A BABY FROM THE EXPLODING PLANET KRYPTON, KAL-EL GREW TO MANHOOD ON EARTH--WHOSE YELLOW SUN AND LIGHTER GRAVITY GAVE HIM FANTASTIC SUPER-POWERS! IN THE CITY OF METROPOLIS, HE POSES AS MILD-MANNERED NEWSMAN CLARK KENT--BUT BATTLES EVIL ALL OVER EARTH--AND BEYOND--AS...
SUPERMAN
Created by JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER
≥UNNH!≤ WHERE... AM I...?
CAN'T QUITE... REMEMBER... HOW I GOT HERE...
IT BEGINS IN SUPERMAN'S ARCTIC FORTRESS OF SOLITUDE --THE SEQUENCE OF EVENTS WHICH WILL CULMINATE IN THE MAN OF STEEL'S BATTLE WITH ONE OF HIS STRANGEST FOES!
THE MYSTERIES BEGIN HERE, TOO --THE MYSTERY OF HOW THIS RED-AND-BLUE-CLAD FIGURE GOT HERE...
...AND OF WHY SUPERMAN'S LATEST ENEMY WILL CHALLENGE HIM WITH THE WORDS...
S-3659
"IF I CAN'T BE CLARK KENT... NOBODY CAN!"
MARTIN PASKO, GUEST-WRITER • CURT SWAN, PENCILLER • FRANK CHIARAMONTE, INKER
GENE D'ANGELO, COLORIST • TODD KLEIN, LETTERER • JULIUS SCHWARTZ, EDITOR
1

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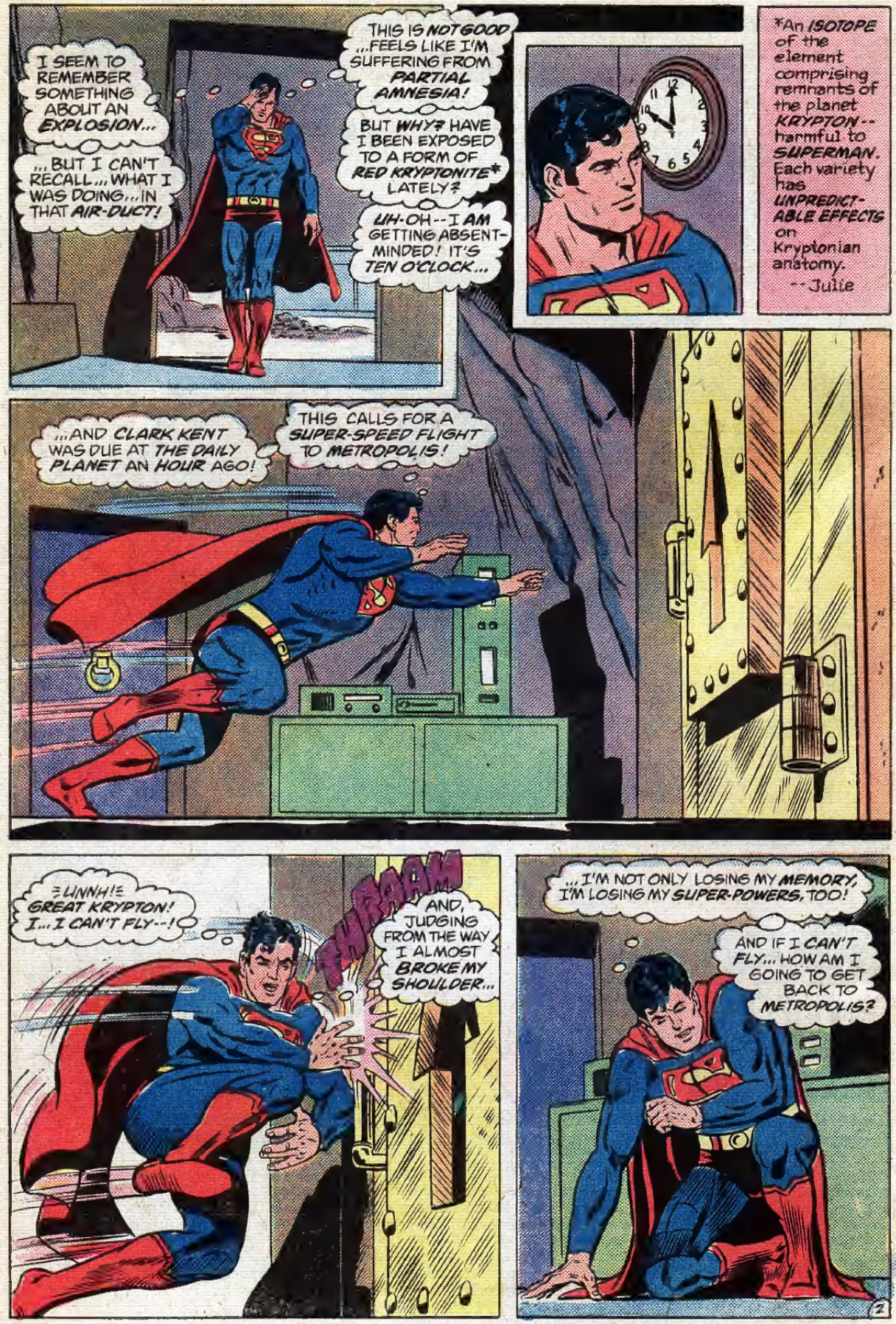
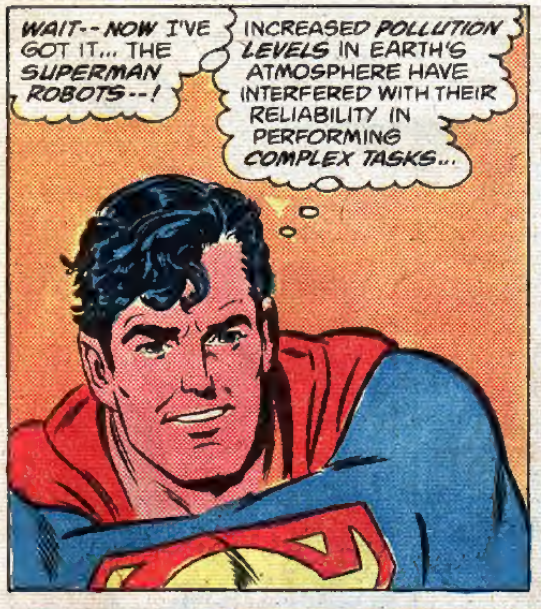
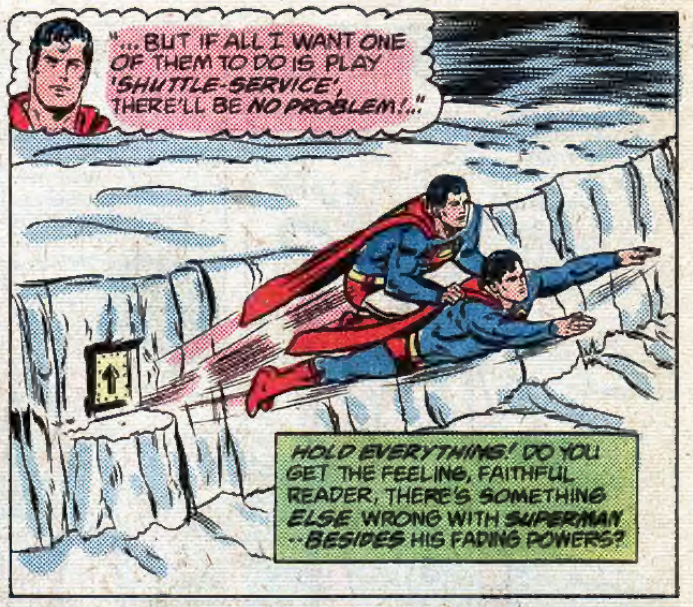
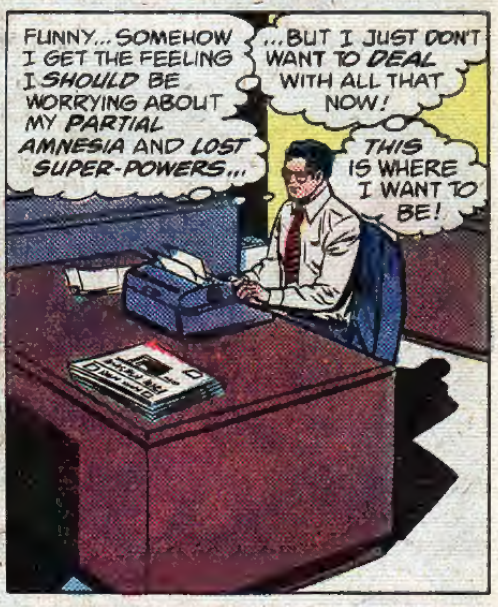

I SEEM TO REMEMBER SOMETHING ABOUT AN EXPLOSION...
...BUT I CAN'T RECALL... WHAT I WAS DOING... IN THAT AIR-DUCT!
THIS IS NOT GOOD ...FEELS LIKE I'M SUFFERING FROM PARTIAL AMNESIA!
BUT WHY? HAVE I BEEN EXPOSED TO A FORM OF RED KRYPTONITE* LATELY?
UH-OH--I AM GETTING ABSENT-MINDED! IT'S TEN O'CLOCK...
*An ISOTOPE of the element comprising remnants of the planet KRYPTON -- harmful to SUPERMAN. Each variety has UNPREDICTABLE EFFECTS on Kryptonian anatomy. --Julie
...AND CLARK KENT WAS DUE AT THE DAILY PLANET AN HOUR AGO!
THIS CALLS FOR A SUPER-SPEED FLIGHT TO METROPOLIS!
=UNNH!= GREAT KRYPTON! I... I CAN'T FLY--!
KRAKOOM
AND, JUDGING FROM THE WAY I ALMOST BROKE MY SHOULDER...
...I'M NOT ONLY LOSING MY MEMORY, I'M LOSING MY SUPER-POWERS, TOO!
AND IF I CAN'T FLY... HOW AM I GOING TO GET BACK TO METROPOLIS?
2

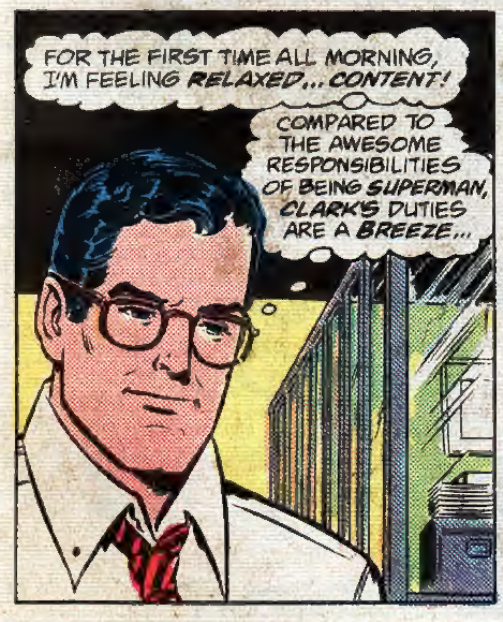

WAIT--NOW I'VE GOT IT... THE SUPERMAN ROBOTS--!
INCREASED POLLUTION LEVELS IN EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE HAVE INTERFERED WITH THEIR RELIABILITY IN PERFORMING COMPLEX TASKS...

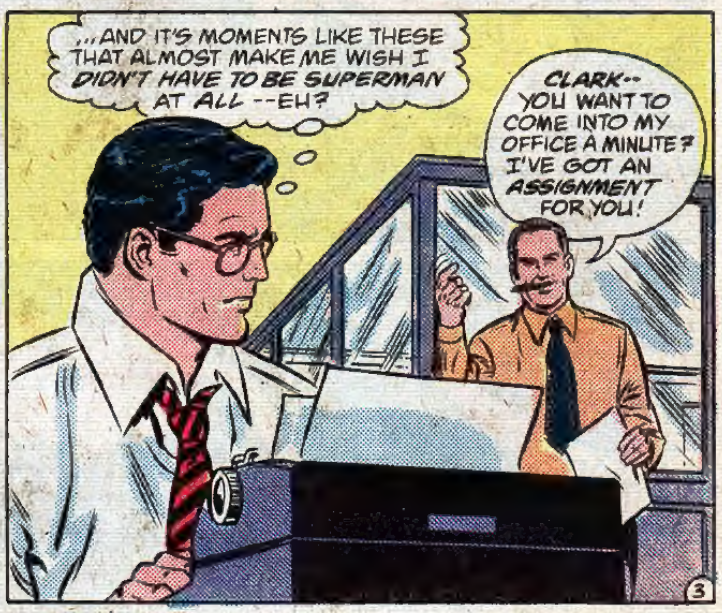

"...BUT IF ALL I WANT ONE OF THEM TO DO IS PLAY 'SHUTTLE-SERVICE', THERE'LL BE NO PROBLEM!..."
HOLD EVERYTHING! DO YOU GET THE FEELING, FAITHFUL READER, THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE WRONG WITH SUPERMAN --BESIDES HIS FADING POWERS?

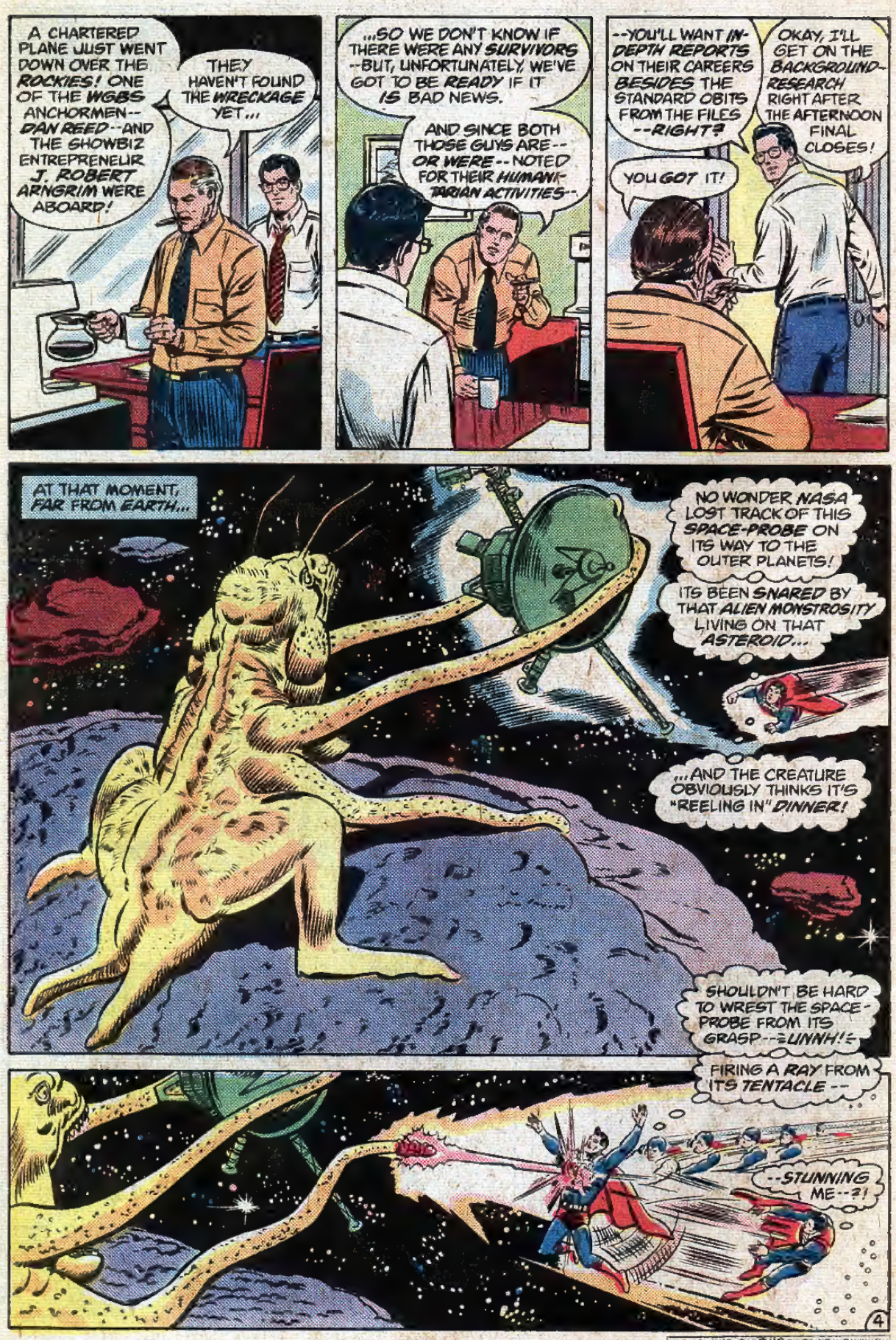
UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, WHY SHOULD RETURNING TO THE DAILY PLANET OFFICES AND RESUMING HIS CLARK KENT GUISE BE SO IMPORTANT TO SUPERMAN NOW?

FOR A HINT TO THE ANSWER TO THAT QUESTION, WE NEED ONLY TUNE IN ON CLARK'S THOUGHTS ONE HOUR LATER...
AH... THIS IS MORE LIKE IT! NOW I'M STARTING TO FEEL "AT HOME" AGAIN!
DAILY PLANET


FUNNY... SOMEHOW I GET THE FEELING I SHOULD BE WORRYING ABOUT MY PARTIAL AMNESIA AND LOST SUPER-POWERS...
...BUT I JUST DON'T WANT TO DEAL WITH ALL THAT NOW!
THIS IS WHERE I WANT TO BE!


FOR THE FIRST TIME ALL MORNING, I'M FEELING RELAXED... CONTENT!
COMPARED TO THE AWESOME RESPONSIBILITIES OF BEING SUPERMAN, CLARK'S DUTIES ARE A BREEZE...


...AND IT'S MOMENTS LIKE THESE THAT ALMOST MAKE ME WISH I DIDN'T HAVE TO BE SUPERMAN AT ALL --EH?
CLARK-- YOU WANT TO COME INTO MY OFFICE A MINUTE? I'VE GOT AN ASSIGNMENT FOR YOU!


A CHARTERED PLANE JUST WENT DOWN OVER THE ROCKIES! ONE OF THE WGBS ANCHORMEN--DAN REED--AND THE SHOWBIZ ENTREPRENEUR J. ROBERT ARNGRIM WERE ABOARD!
THEY HAVEN'T FOUND THE WRECKAGE YET...
...SO WE DON'T KNOW IF THERE WERE ANY SURVIVORS --BUT, UNFORTUNATELY, WE'VE GOT TO BE READY IF IT IS BAD NEWS.
AND SINCE BOTH THOSE GUYS ARE--OR WERE--NOTED FOR THEIR HUMANITARIAN ACTIVITIES--
--YOU'LL WANT IN-DEPTH REPORTS ON THEIR CAREERS BESIDES THE STANDARD OBITS FROM THE FILES --RIGHT?
OKAY, I'LL GET ON THE BACKGROUND-RESEARCH RIGHT AFTER THE AFTERNOON FINAL CLOSES!
YOU GOT IT!
AT THAT MOMENT, FAR FROM EARTH...
NO WONDER NASA LOST TRACK OF THIS SPACE-PROBE ON ITS WAY TO THE OUTER PLANETS!
ITS BEEN SNARED BY THAT ALIEN MONSTROSITY LIVING ON THAT ASTEROID...
...AND THE CREATURE OBVIOUSLY THINKS IT'S "REELING IN" DINNER!
SHOULDN'T BE HARD TO WREST THE SPACE-PROBE FROM ITS GRASP--=UNNH!=
FIRING A RAY FROM ITS TENTACLE --
ZAP!
--STUNNING ME--?!
4

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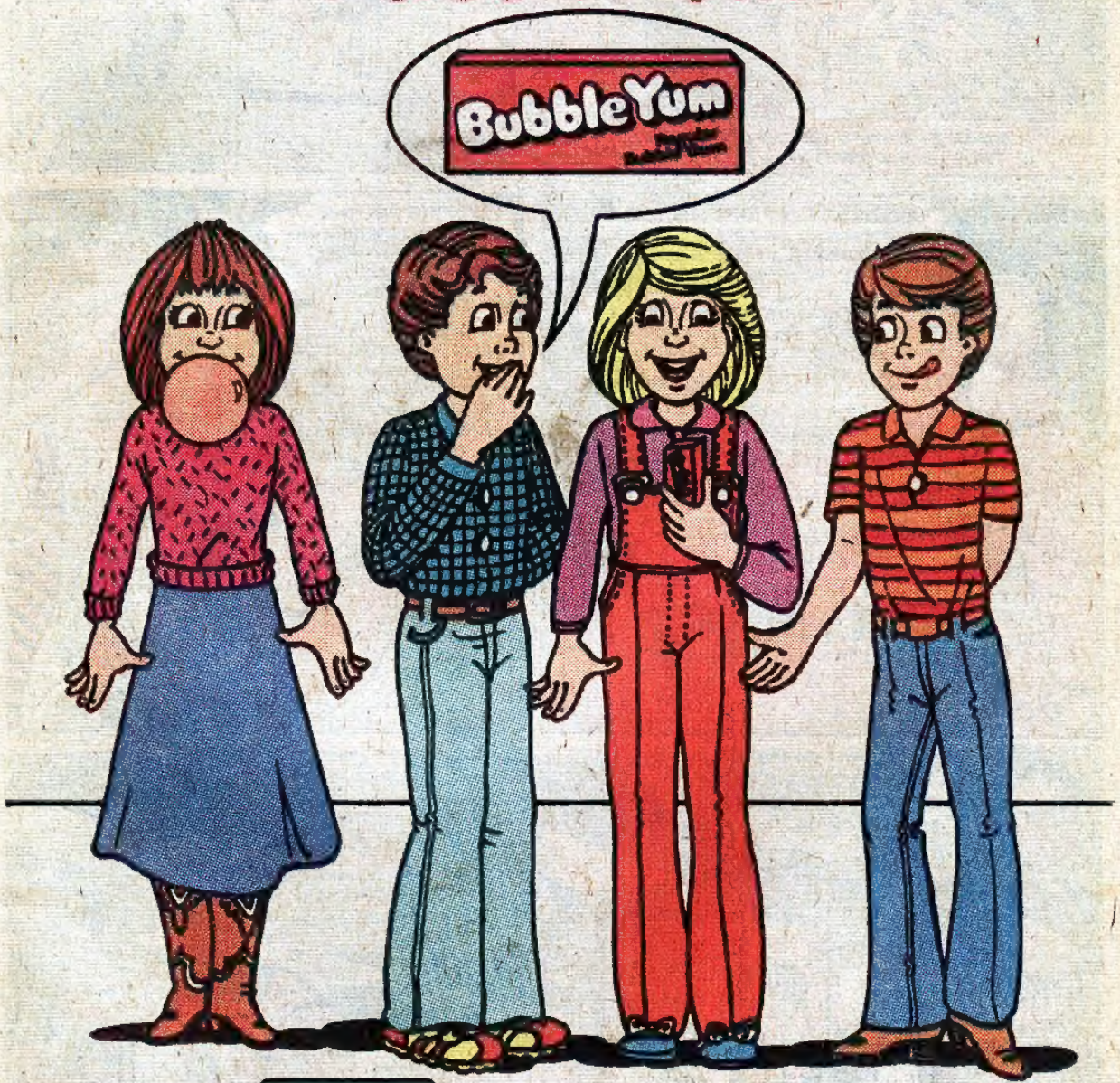
Bubble Yum's got the number yum taste. Pass it on.



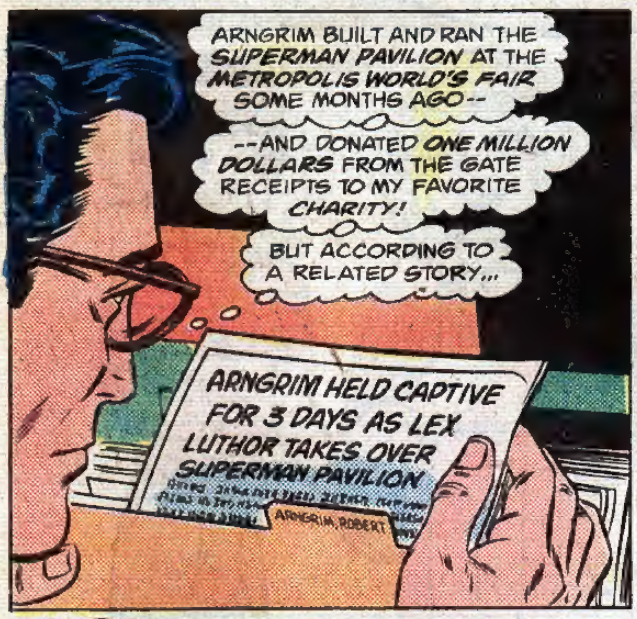
Everybody's talking about the great taste of Bubble Yum.®

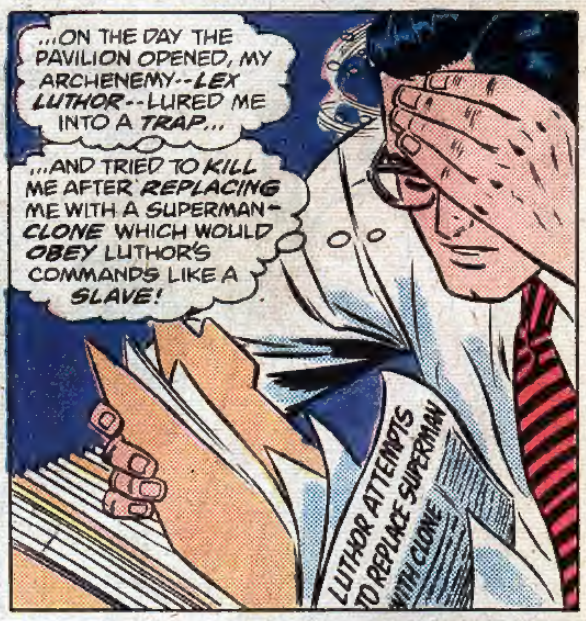
It's got great big bubbles and the flavor lasts a long, long, looong time. Pass it on!

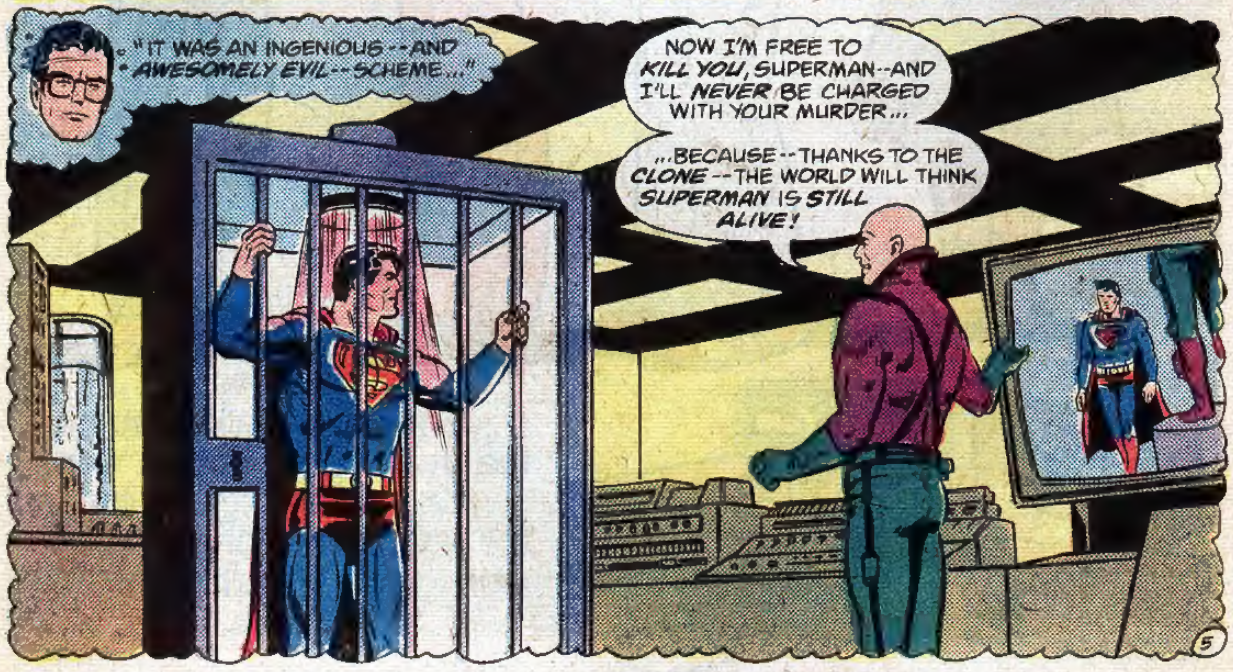
SO MUCH FOR A FRONTAL ASSAULT! OBVIOUSLY, IT'S NOT GOING TO LET ME GET CLOSE ENOUGH FOR ONE!
BUT THAT'S OKAY--I HAVE ANOTHER IDEA!
WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?! IF THIS IS SUPERMAN...

...THEN WHO IS THE "CLARK KENT" NOW AT WORK IN THE DAILY PLANET'S "MORGUE"?! THE QUESTION IS VALID--BUT IT MUST REMAIN UNANSWERED A LITTLE WHILE LONGER...

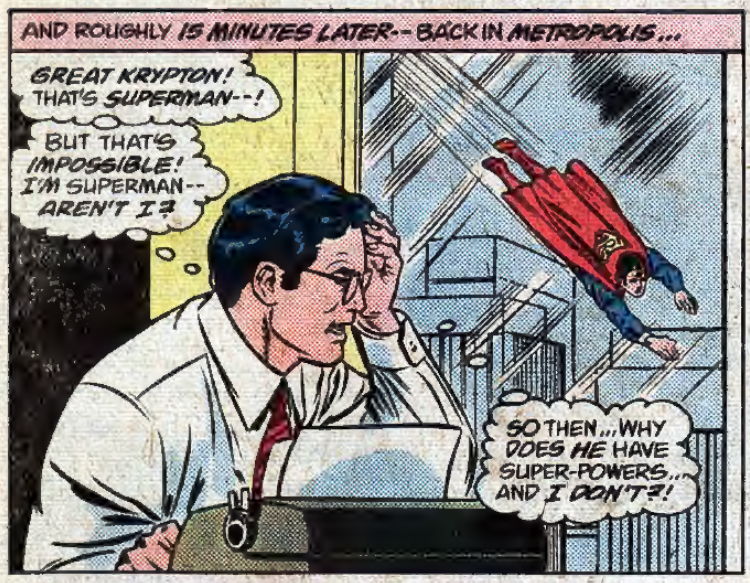
THE FILE ON J. ROBERT ARNGRIM IS AMAZING! I COULD FILL AN ENTIRE SUNDAY SUPPLEMENT JUST LISTING HIS PHILANTHROPIC ACHIEVEMENTS!
HMM... NOW HERE'S SOMETHING ODD --A STORY I DON'T REMEMBER!
AA-ART

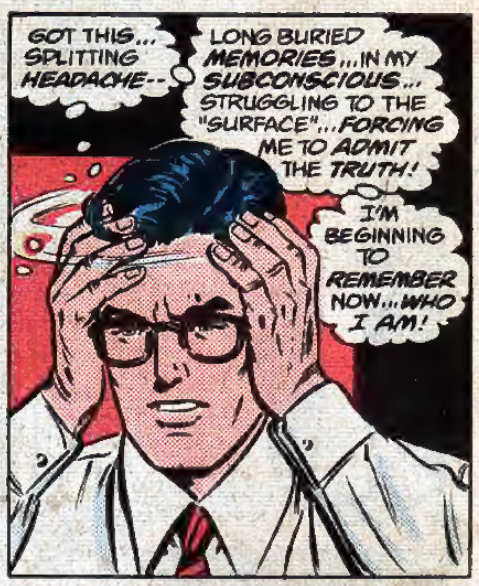

ARNGRIM BUILT AND RAN THE SUPERMAN PAVILION AT THE METROPOLIS WORLD'S FAIR SOME MONTHS AGO--
--AND DONATED ONE MILLION DOLLARS FROM THE GATE RECEIPTS TO MY FAVORITE CHARITY!
BUT ACCORDING TO A RELATED STORY...
ARNGRIM HELD CAPTIVE FOR 3 DAYS AS LEX LUTHOR TAKES OVER SUPERMAN PAVILION
ARNGRIM, ROBERT

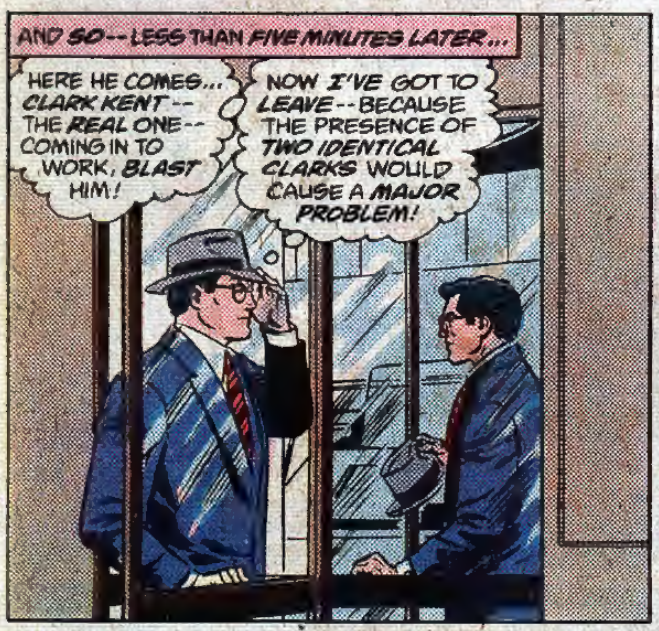

...ON THE DAY THE PAVILION OPENED, MY ARCHENEMY--LEX LUTHOR--LURED ME INTO A TRAP...
...AND TRIED TO KILL ME AFTER REPLACING ME WITH A SUPERMAN-CLONE WHICH WOULD OBEY LUTHOR'S COMMANDS LIKE A SLAVE!
LUTHOR ATTEMPTS TO REPLACE SUPERMAN WITH CLONE


"IT WAS AN INGENIOUS--AND AWESOMELY EVIL--SCHEME..."
NOW I'M FREE TO KILL YOU, SUPERMAN--AND I'LL NEVER BE CHARGED WITH YOUR MURDER...
...BECAUSE--THANKS TO THE CLONE--THE WORLD WILL THINK SUPERMAN IS STILL ALIVE!
5

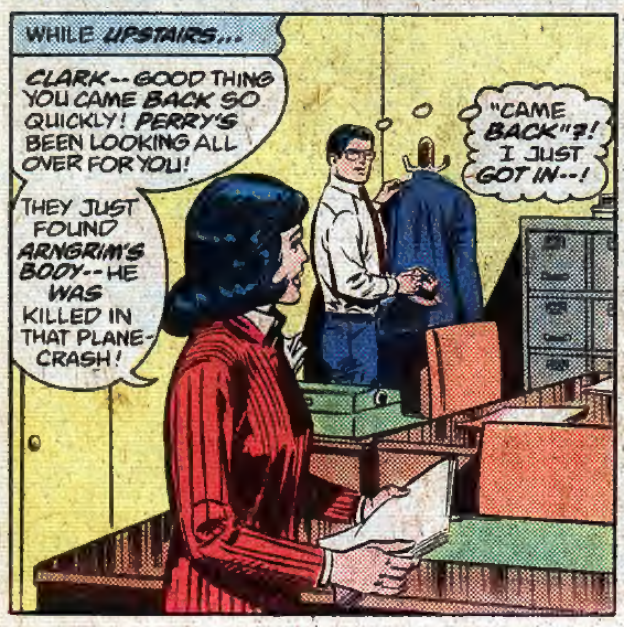
THE STORY GOES ON TO SAY I THWARTED THE PLAN AND RESCUED ARMGRIM -- WHOM LUTHOR HAD ALSO KIDNAPPED!
BUT IF I REALLY DID ALL THAT... WHY CAN'T I RECALL ANY OF IT? IS MY AMNESIA THAT SEVERE?
SUDDENLY, I DON'T FEEL SO WELL...
MEANWHILE...
BY BURROWING DOWN INTO THE CENTER OF THIS ASTEROID -- THEN SPINNING LIKE A TOP AT SUPER-SPEED...
...I CAN BREAK IT UP INTO EASY-TO-HANDLE FRAGMENTS IN SECONDS!
NOW -- A COMBINATION OF HEAT VISION TO MELT THE FRAGMENTS...
...AND SUPER-PRESSURE TO MOLD AND SHAPE THE MOLTEN ROCK...
...AND VOILA -- A SUPER-CAGE FOR AN ALIEN BEASTIE!
AND SINCE THE BARS ARE TOO NARROWLY-SPACED FOR THE CREATURE TO PULL THE SPACE-PROBE INTO ITS MAW, I CAN EASILY TAKE THE CRAFT OFF ITS "HANDS"!
WITH THOSE POWERFUL TENTACLES, THE CREATURE WILL BE ABLE TO DISMANTLE THE CAGE EASILY!
BUT BY THEN, THIS SPACE-PROBE WILL BE BACK ON COURSE -- AND I'LL BE LONG GONE!


AND ROUGHLY 15 MINUTES LATER -- BACK IN METROPOLIS...
GREAT KRYPTON! THAT'S SUPERMAN--!
BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! I'M SUPERMAN-- AREN'T I?
SO THEN... WHY DOES HE HAVE SUPER-POWERS... AND I DON'T?!

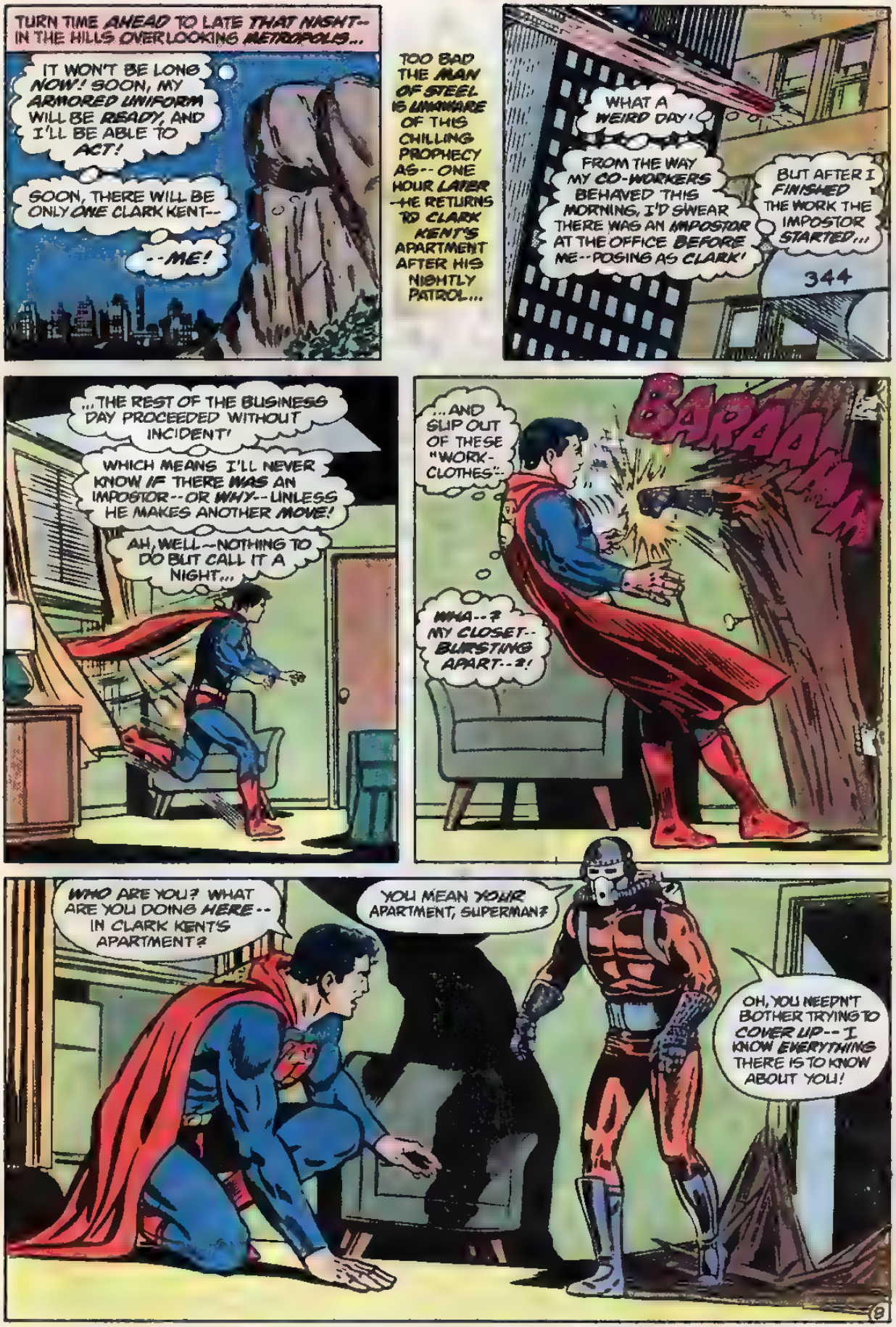

GOT THIS... SPLITTING HEADACHE--
LONG BURIED MEMORIES... IN MY SUBCONSCIOUS... STRUGGLING TO THE "SURFACE"... FORCING ME TO ADMIT THE TRUTH!
I'M BEGINNING TO REMEMBER NOW... WHO I AM!

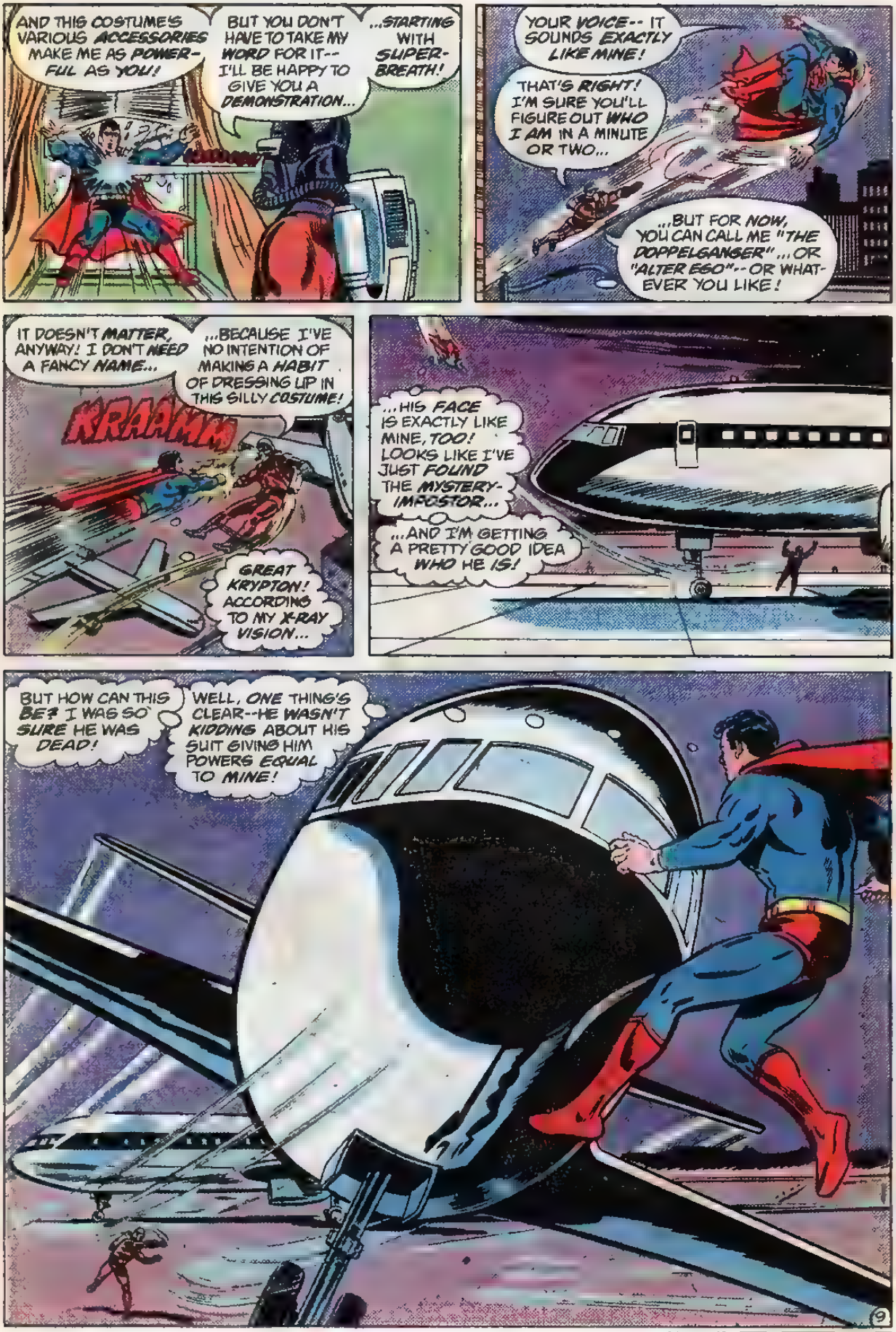

AND SO -- LESS THAN FIVE MINUTES LATER...
HERE HE COMES... CLARK KENT -- THE REAL ONE -- COMING IN TO WORK. BLAST HIM!
NOW I'VE GOT TO LEAVE -- BECAUSE THE PRESENCE OF TWO IDENTICAL CLARKS WOULD CAUSE A MAJOR PROBLEM!

AND NOW THAT I'VE FIGURED OUT WHO I AM... AND HAVE DECIDED WHAT I WANT...
...NO ONE MUST KNOW I'M STILL ALIVE --
--ESPECIALLY NOT SUPERMAN!


WHILE UPSTAIRS...
CLARK -- GOOD THING YOU CAME BACK SO QUICKLY! PERRY'S BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU!
"CAME BACK"?! I JUST GOT IN--!
THEY JUST FOUND ARNGRIM'S BODY -- HE WAS KILLED IN THAT PLANE-CRASH!

YET LOIS ACTS LIKE I'VE BEEN HERE ALREADY! AND WHAT PLANE-CRASH?!
SOMETHING SCREWY'S GOING ON HERE...
...BUT SOMETHING TELLS ME THE BEST WAY TO FIND OUT WHAT IS TO PLAY ALONG -- FOR NOW!


TURN TIME AHEAD TO LATE THAT NIGHT--
IN THE HILLS OVERLOOKING METROPOLIS...
IT WON'T BE LONG NOW! SOON, MY ARMORED UNIFORM WILL BE READY, AND I'LL BE ABLE TO ACT!
SOON, THERE WILL BE ONLY ONE CLARK KENT--
--ME!
TOO BAD THE MAN OF STEEL IS UNAWARE OF THIS CHILLING PROPHECY AS-- ONE HOUR LATER --HE RETURNS TO CLARK KENT'S APARTMENT AFTER HIS NIGHTLY PATROL...
WHAT A WEIRD DAY!
FROM THE WAY MY CO-WORKERS BEHAVED THIS MORNING, I'D SWEAR THERE WAS AN IMPOSTOR AT THE OFFICE BEFORE ME--POSING AS CLARK!
BUT AFTER I FINISHED THE WORK THE IMPOSTOR STARTED...
344
...THE REST OF THE BUSINESS DAY PROCEEDED WITHOUT INCIDENT!
WHICH MEANS I'LL NEVER KNOW IF THERE WAS AN IMPOSTOR--OR WHY--UNLESS HE MAKES ANOTHER MOVE!
AH, WELL--NOTHING TO DO BUT CALL IT A NIGHT...
...AND SLIP OUT OF THESE "WORK-CLOTHES"--
BARAAAH
WHA--? MY CLOSET-- BURSTING APART--?!
WHO ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE-- IN CLARK KENT'S APARTMENT?
YOU MEAN YOUR APARTMENT, SUPERMAN?
OH, YOU NEEDN'T BOTHER TRYING TO COVER UP-- I KNOW EVERYTHING THERE IS TO KNOW ABOUT YOU!


AND THIS COSTUME'S VARIOUS ACCESSORIES MAKE ME AS POWERFUL AS YOU!
BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO TAKE MY WORD FOR IT-- I'LL BE HAPPY TO GIVE YOU A DEMONSTRATION...
...STARTING WITH SUPER-BREATH!
YOUR VOICE-- IT SOUNDS EXACTLY LIKE MINE!
THAT'S RIGHT! I'M SURE YOU'LL FIGURE OUT WHO I AM IN A MINUTE OR TWO...
...BUT FOR NOW, YOU CAN CALL ME "THE DOPPELGANGER"...OR "ALTER EGO"-- OR WHATEVER YOU LIKE!
IT DOESN'T MATTER, ANYWAY! I DON'T NEED A FANCY NAME...
...BECAUSE I'VE NO INTENTION OF MAKING A HABIT OF DRESSING UP IN THIS SILLY COSTUME!
KRAAMM
GREAT KRYPTON! ACCORDING TO MY X-RAY VISION...
...HIS FACE IS EXACTLY LIKE MINE, TOO! LOOKS LIKE I'VE JUST FOUND THE MYSTERY-IMPOSTOR...
...AND I'M GETTING A PRETTY GOOD IDEA WHO HE IS!
BUT HOW CAN THIS BE? I WAS SO SURE HE WAS DEAD!
WELL, ONE THING'S CLEAR--HE WASN'T KIDDING ABOUT HIS SUIT GIVING HIM POWERS EQUAL TO MINE!
9

CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING

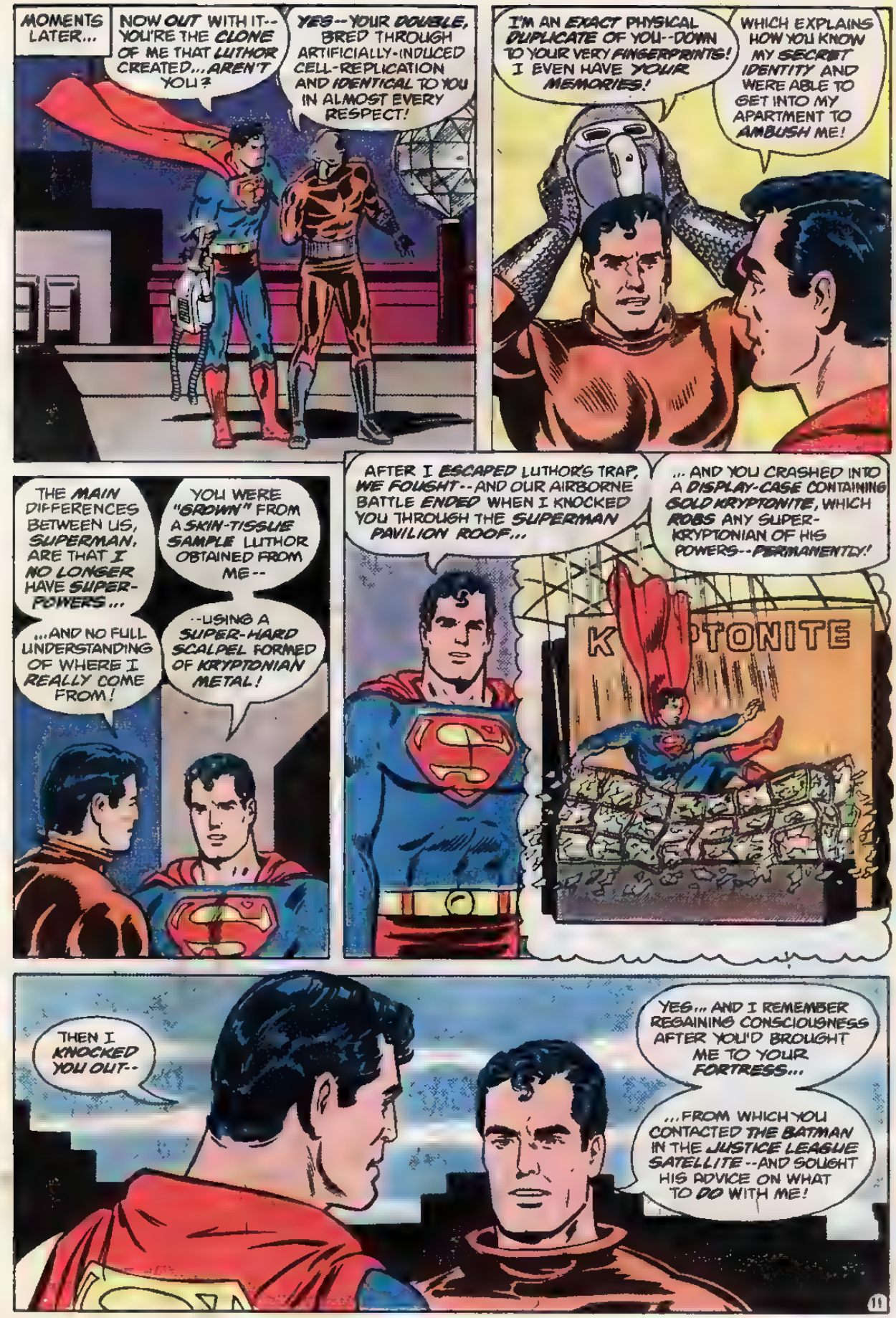
ADVERTISEMENT

BAT MAN
IN "LIGHTS... CAMERA... CRIME!"
ROLL 'EM!
NOT SO FAST! BREAKING INTO THE GOTHAM NATIONAL BANK IS NOT IN THE SCRIPT!
HUNH?!?
CUT... CUT!
THAT'S RIGHT, CRIME DIRECTOR-- IT'S THE END OF THE REEL FOR YOU!
NOT SO, BATMAN! WHEN I SAY "CUT," I MEAN IT!
PIRATES IN THE CAST, EH?
AHOY, MEN -- CUT INTO THESE HOSTESS® CUP CAKES!
MMMMM! A DELICIOUS TREASURE INSIDE THE RICH CHOCOLATY CAKE. CHOCOLATY ICING, TOO.
YOU GUYS ARE BREAKING YOUR CONTRACT!
CHEER UP, CRIME DIRECTOR! NOW YOU CAN SHOW YOUR FILMS IN PRISON... TO A CAPTIVE AUDIENCE!
YOU GET A BIG DELIGHT IN EVERY BITE OF HOSTESS® CUP CAKES

ALL CHARACTERS · DC COMICS INC. 1981

*HOSTESS IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF CONTINENTAL BAKING COMPANY
©1981 CONTINENTAL BAKING COMPANY

HE HURLED THAT EMPTY JET AT ME AS IF IT WERE MADE OF CONSTRUCTION PAPER!
UNFORTUNATELY, IT WAS ALREADY FUELED UP...
BWAA ROOM!
...AND THE EXPLODING FUEL JUST CREATED A LOT OF FLAMING DEBRIS!
NOW THERE'S NO LONGER ANY POINT IN PROTRACTING THIS BATTLE!
AS POWERFUL AS MY OPPONENT IS, I CAN STILL MAKE SHORT WORK OF HIM! SO...
...WITH A GUST OF SUPER-BREATH, I "KILL TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE"--
--SPECIFICALLY, EXTINGUISH THE BLAZING DEBRIS AND DROP MY OPPONENT OUT OF THE SKY SIMULTANEOUSLY!
WHOOOSH
MY POWER-PACK--IT'S BEEN SHEARED OFF--!
THAT'S RIGHT--AND AFTER ANALYZING THE STRUCTURE AND FUNCTION OF YOUR SUPER-SUIT WHEN I "X-RAYED" YOU EARLIER...
I'M BETTING THAT MY HAVING CONFISCATED THIS POWER-PACK LEFT YOU ABSOLUTELY POWERLESS--
POWERLESS TO KEEP FROM BEING PULLED ALONG IN MY SUPER-SPEED BACKWASH--
--WHICH I'VE CREATED BY SPINNING AS I FLY!
S-SUPERMAN'S
FINAL FEAT!
10


MOMENTS LATER...
NOW OUT WITH IT--YOU'RE THE CLONE OF ME THAT LUTHOR CREATED... AREN'T YOU?
YES--YOUR DOUBLE, BRED THROUGH ARTIFICIALLY-INDUCED CELL-REPLICATION AND IDENTICAL TO YOU IN ALMOST EVERY RESPECT!
I'M AN EXACT PHYSICAL DUPLICATE OF YOU--DOWN TO YOUR VERY FINGERPRINTS! I EVEN HAVE YOUR MEMORIES!
WHICH EXPLAINS HOW YOU KNOW MY SECRET IDENTITY AND WERE ABLE TO GET INTO MY APARTMENT TO AMBUSH ME!
THE MAIN DIFFERENCES BETWEEN US, SUPERMAN, ARE THAT I NO LONGER HAVE SUPER-POWERS...
...AND NO FULL UNDERSTANDING OF WHERE I REALLY COME FROM!
YOU WERE "GROWN" FROM A SKIN-TISSUE SAMPLE LUTHOR OBTAINED FROM ME--
--USING A SUPER-HARD SCALPEL FORMED OF KRYPTONIAN METAL!
AFTER I ESCAPED LUTHOR'S TRAP, WE FOUGHT--AND OUR AIRBORNE BATTLE ENDED WHEN I KNOCKED YOU THROUGH THE SUPERMAN PAVILION ROOF...
... AND YOU CRASHED INTO A DISPLAY-CASE CONTAINING GOLD KRYPTONITE, WHICH ROBS ANY SUPER-KRYPTONIAN OF HIS POWERS--PERMANENTLY!
K PTONITE
THEN I KNOCKED YOU OUT--
YES... AND I REMEMBER REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS AFTER YOU'D BROUGHT ME TO YOUR FORTRESS...
...FROM WHICH YOU CONTACTED THE BATMAN IN THE JUSTICE LEAGUE SATELLITE--AND SOUGHT HIS ADVICE ON WHAT TO DO WITH ME!

"PLAYING POSSUM--I PRETENDED TO STILL BE OUT COLD-- AND OVERHEARD...
BUT, SUPERMAN, THAT CLONE'S KNOWLEDGE OF ALL YOUR SECRETS COULD MAKE HIM A FORMIDABLE ENEMY!
TRUE, BATMAN--STILL, I CAN'T BANISH HIM TO THE PHANTOM ZONE!
THE ZONE IS FOR DANGEROUS CRIMINALS...
...AND THE CLONE HASN'T REALLY DONE ANYTHING WRONG! HE'S NOT TRULY EVIL!
HE WASN'T EVEN AWARE THAT HE WAS BEING MANIPULATED BY LUTHOR!
YOU'LL HAVE TO DECIDE WHAT TO DO WITH HIM LATER, SUPERMAN!
RIGHT NOW, YOU'RE DUE TO RELIEVE ME HERE--ON SATELLITE MONITOR-DUTY!
FOR NOW, I'LL PUT HIM IN THIS SUSPENDED ANIMATION CABINET I FOUND IN THE RUINS OF A LOST ALIEN CIVILIZATION!
THAT'LL KEEP HIM OUT OF TROUBLE WHILE I'M GONE!
"BUT BEFORE THE GAS SWIRLING THROUGH THE CABINET COULD LOWER MY METABOLIC RATE AND PLUNGE ME INTO A CATATONIC STATE...
...I BATTERED THE LOCK FROM THE INSIDE...
"...AND BROKE OUT! THEN, I DECIDED TO STAGE A 'FATAL ACCIDENT'...
OVERLOAD
I'VE RE-SET THE CONTROLS SO THAT THE CABINET'S CIRCUITS WILL SOON OVERHEAT--AND BLOW UP!
MEANWHILE, I CAN FOLLOW THIS AIR-DUCT OUTSIDE--AND ESCAPE!
"BUT THE ALIEN CIRCUITRY OVERLOADED A BIT SOONER THAN I'D ANTICIPATED--AND THE RESULTING EXPLOSION PROVED MORE DEVASTATING THAN I'D PREDICTED!
KABOOM
12

"THE CABINET-- AND SEVERAL BANKS OF YOUR EQUIPMENT-- WERE INSTANTLY *VAPORIZED*... AND A SECTION OF THE LABORATORY *CEILING* WAS *DEMOLISHED*!

"THE *CONCUSSIVE FORCE* OF THE BLAST *HURLED* ME DEEP INTO THE AIR-SHAFT-- INTO WHICH THE *GAS* FROM THE CABINET *BILLOWED*!

"I DRIFTED INTO A STATE OF *SUSPENDED ANIMATION*, TRAPPED INSIDE YOUR VENTILATION-SYSTEM!

"I IMAGINE THAT WHEN YOU *RETURNED* TO THE FORTRESS, YOU PRESUMED ME *DEAD*..."

CABINET... *MALFUNCTIONED*-- THE CLONE MUST'VE BEEN *DISINTEGRATED*!

MY *SUPER-VISION* CAN'T SPOT A TRACE OF HIM *ANYWHERE*!

NO WONDER I OVERLOOKED YOU! THE AIR-SHAFTS ARE COMPOSED OF A METAL ALLOY CONTAINING *LEAD*-- WHICH MY X-RAY VISION *CAN'T PENETRATE*!

NONE OF MY *INTERNAL SECURITY MONITOR-SENSORS* DETECTED YOU, *EITHER*!

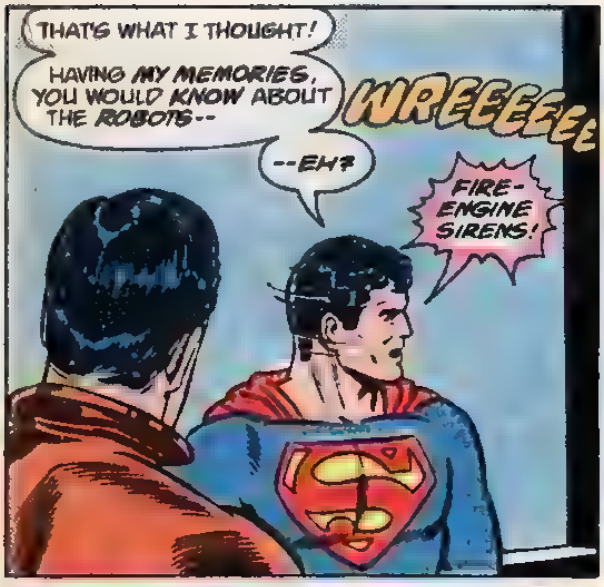
THE BLAST MUST HAVE *DAMAGED* THEM-- CAUSED THEM TO *MALFUNCTION*!

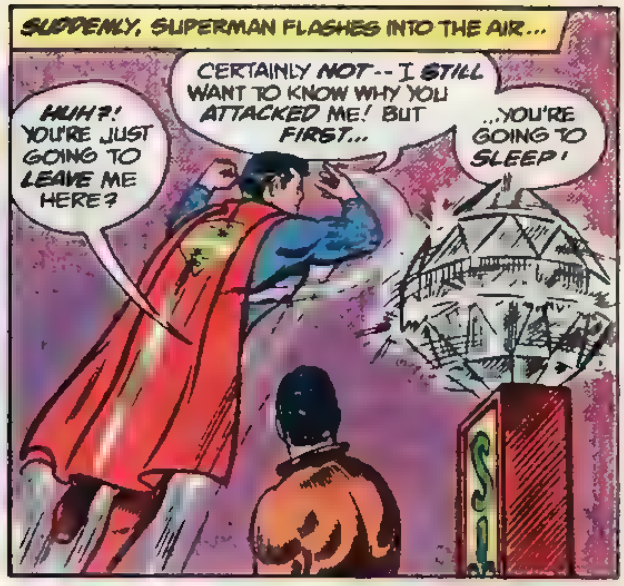
THE EFFECTS OF THE GAS *WORE OFF* ONLY *MONTHS LATER*-- LONG AFTER YOU'D *REPAIRED* THE LAB!

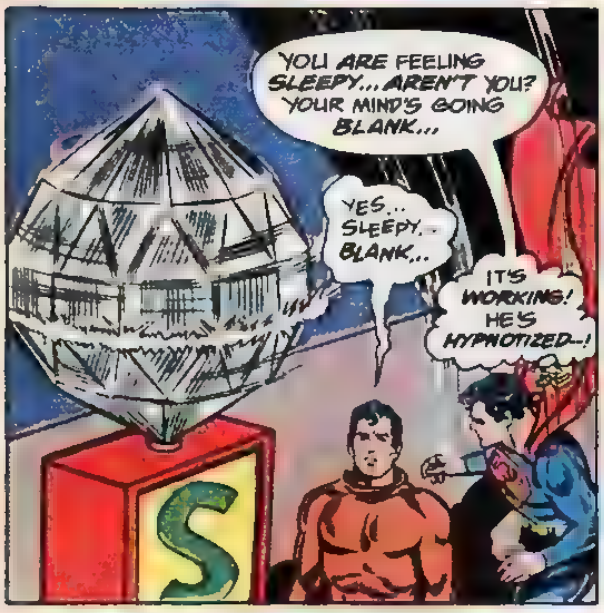
THE TRAUMA OF THE EXPLOSION INDUCED A STATE OF *PARTIAL AMNESIA* IN ME-- AND I AWOKE *STILL* BELIEVING I WAS *YOU*...

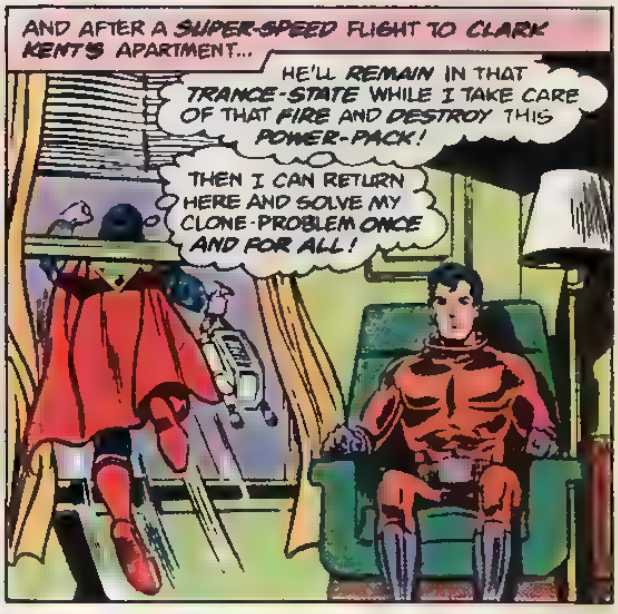
"... SO I ORDERED ONE OF YOUR *ROBOTS* TO FLY ME TO A CAVE OUTSIDE METROPOLIS -AND FROM THERE, PROCEEDED INTO THE CITY AS *CLARK KENT*!

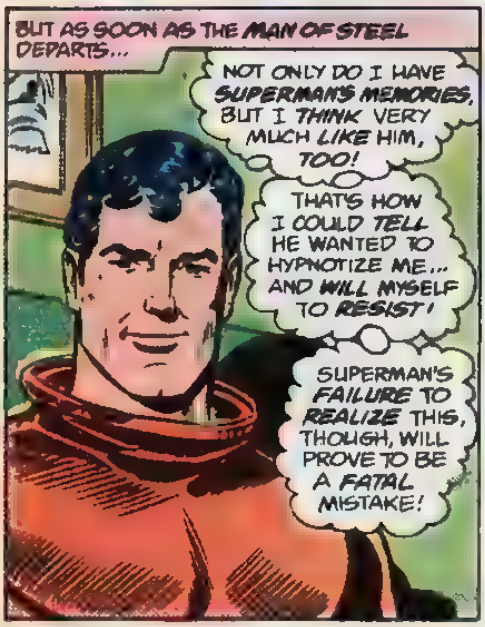
"WHEN I LATER DISCOVERED MY *ERROR*, I *CANNIBALIZED* THE ROBOT-- AND BUILT MY *SUPER-SUIT* FROM ITS PARTS!"

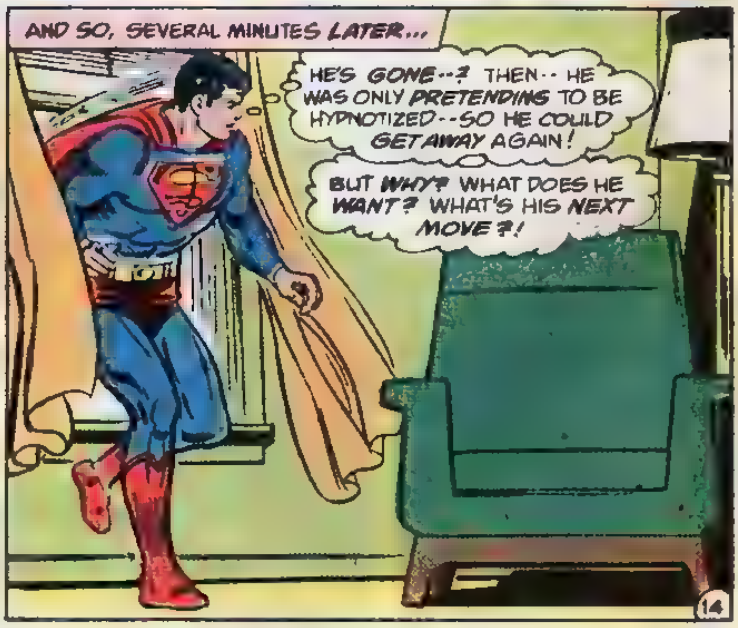

THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT!
HAVING MY MEMORIES, YOU WOULD KNOW ABOUT THE ROBOTS--
WREEEEEE
--EH?
FIRE-ENGINE SIRENS!


SUDDENLY, SUPERMAN FLASHES INTO THE AIR...
HUH?! YOU'RE JUST GOING TO LEAVE ME HERE?
CERTAINLY NOT -- I STILL WANT TO KNOW WHY YOU ATTACKED ME! BUT FIRST...
...YOU'RE GOING TO SLEEP!

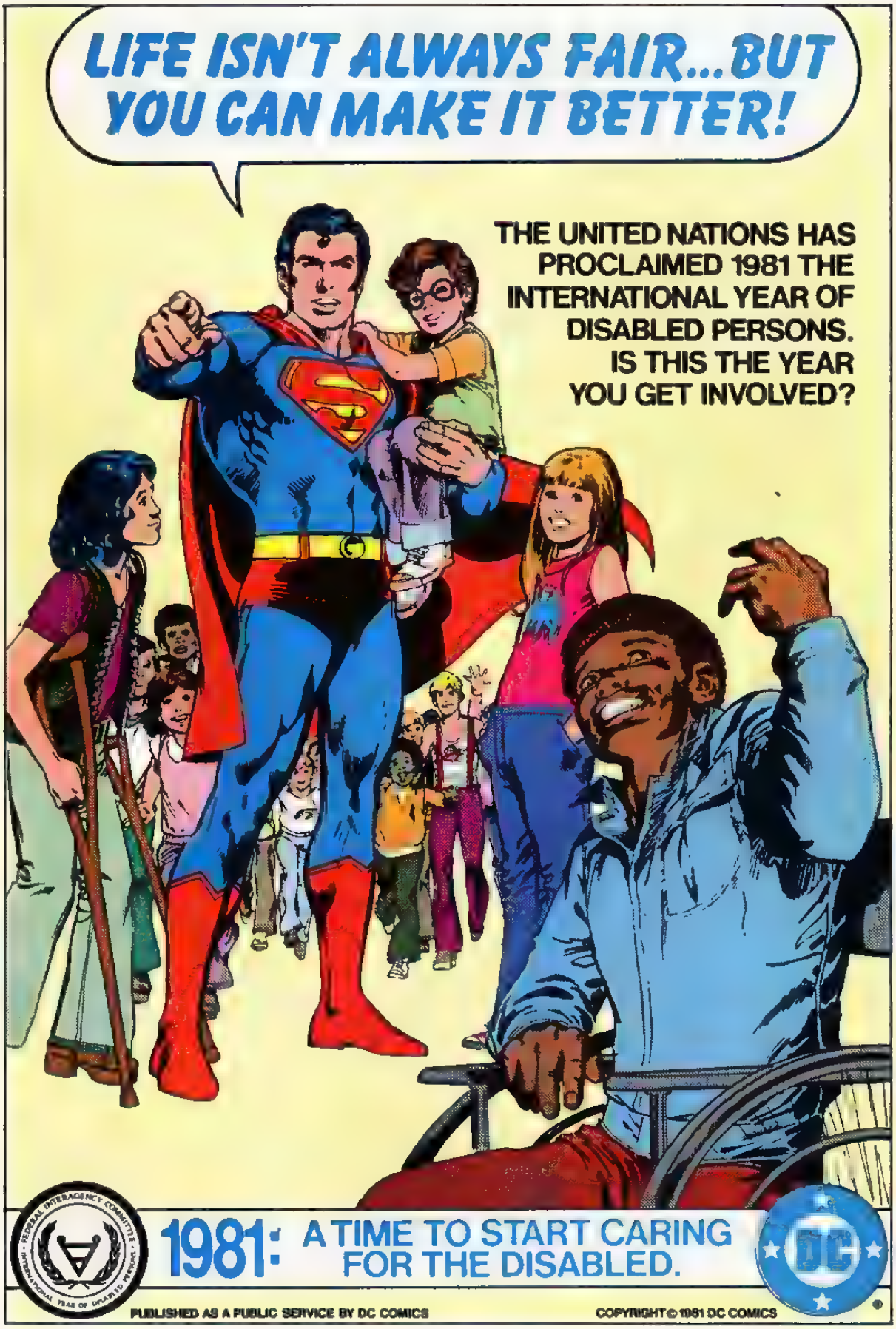

YOU ARE FEELING SLEEPY... AREN'T YOU? YOUR MIND'S GOING BLANK...
YES... SLEEPY... BLANK...
IT'S WORKING! HE'S HYPNOTIZED--!


AND AFTER A SUPER-SPEED FLIGHT TO CLARK KENT'S APARTMENT...
HE'LL REMAIN IN THAT TRANCE-STATE WHILE I TAKE CARE OF THAT FIRE AND DESTROY THIS POWER-PACK!
THEN I CAN RETURN HERE AND SOLVE MY CLONE-PROBLEM ONCE AND FOR ALL!


BUT AS SOON AS THE MAN OF STEEL DEPARTS...
NOT ONLY DO I HAVE SUPERMAN'S MEMORIES, BUT I THINK VERY MUCH LIKE HIM, TOO!
THAT'S HOW I COULD TELL HE WANTED TO HYPNOTIZE ME... AND WILL MYSELF TO RESIST!
SUPERMAN'S FAILURE TO REALIZE THIS, THOUGH, WILL PROVE TO BE A FATAL MISTAKE!


AND SO, SEVERAL MINUTES LATER...
HE'S GONE--? THEN-- HE WAS ONLY PRETENDING TO BE HYPNOTIZED--SO HE COULD GET AWAY AGAIN!
BUT WHY? WHAT DOES HE WANT? WHAT'S HIS NEXT MOVE?!

NOTHING CAN SAVE YOU FROM


LIFE ISN'T ALWAYS FAIR...BUT YOU CAN MAKE IT BETTER!
THE UNITED NATIONS HAS PROCLAIMED 1981 THE INTERNATIONAL YEAR OF DISABLED PERSONS. IS THIS THE YEAR YOU GET INVOLVED?
1981: A TIME TO START CARING FOR THE DISABLED.
PUBLISHED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE BY DC COMICS
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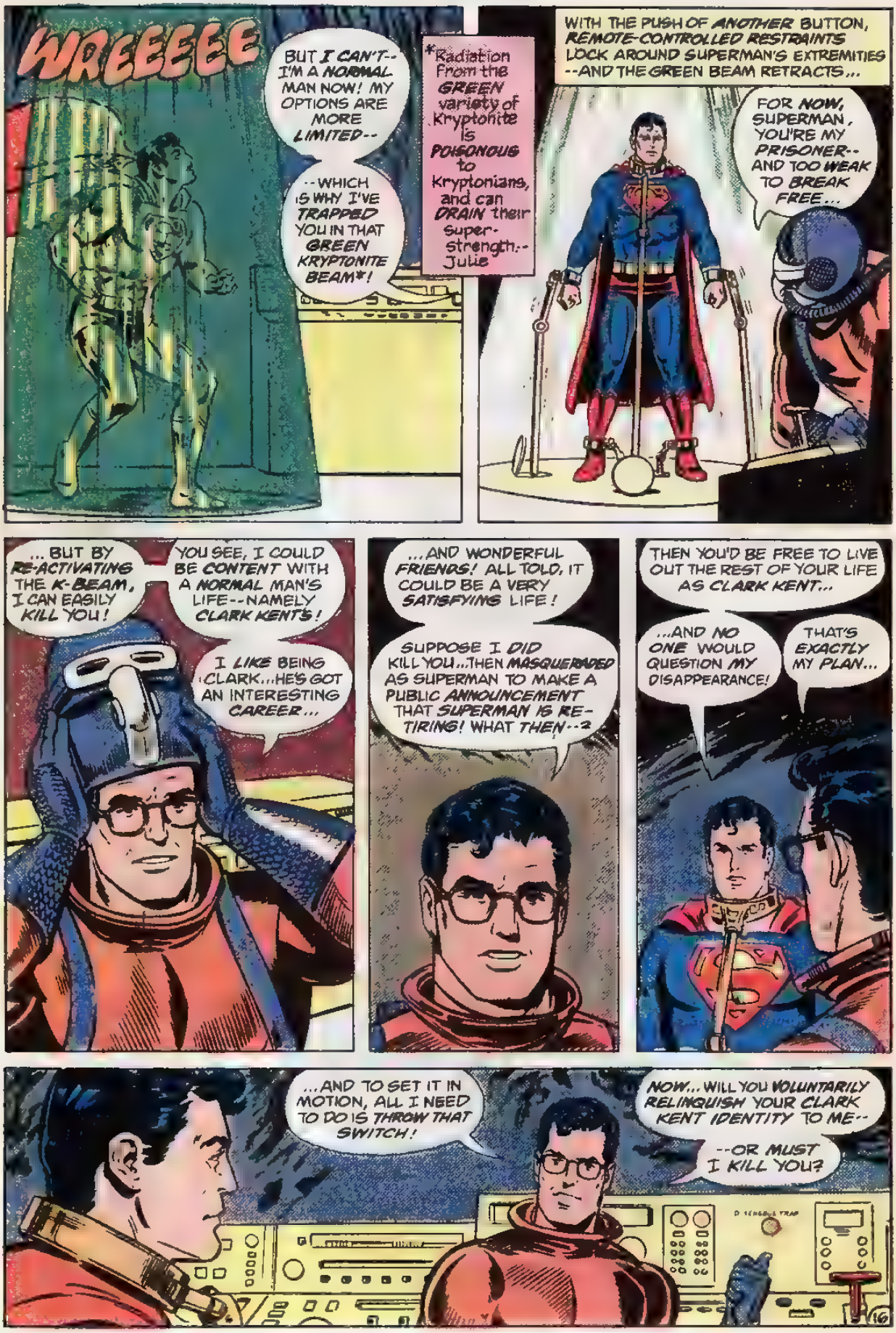
SUPERMAN WILL LEARN THE ANSWER TO HIS LAST QUESTION THE FOLLOWING DAY, AS HE OFFICIATES AT THE GRAND OPENING OF A NEW WING OF THE SUPERMAN MUSEUM...
AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... SUPERMAN WILL CUT THE RIBBON THAT SIGNIFIES--
SUDDENLY-- BEFORE THE CURATOR CAN FINISH HIS SENTENCE...
IT'S AN EARTHQUAKE--!
LOOK OUT! THE NEW WING'S COLLAPSING!
BARRUMMBLE!
YOU AGAIN--!
STAMPING THE GROUND WITH SUPER-FORCE--?! YOU CAUSED IT TO SHAKE --TOPPLING THE NEW WING!
SURPRISED I'VE GOT MY PSEUDO-SUPER-POWERS BACK, SUPERMAN?
YOU SHOULDN'T BE-- IT WAS FAIRLY SIMPLE TO CONSTRUCT ANOTHER POWER-PACK FOR MY SUPER-SUIT!
AFTER ALL, I'VE GOT YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF KRYPTONIAN TECHNOLOGY-- REMEMBER?
IN KRYPTON'S NAME-- WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?
I WANT WHAT EVERY MAN HAS A RIGHT TO--AN IDENTITY!
I DIDN'T ASK TO LOOK LIKE YOU... TO KNOW WHAT YOU KNOW... BUT I DO-- AND IT'S ALL I HAVE!
A SUPER-SPEED CHASE ENSUES...
...LEADING THE MAN OF STEEL INTO THE CLONES' CAVERN HIDEOUT...
YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE CLARK KENT-- YOU COULD ASSUME ANY GUISE YOU LIKE!
WITH ALL YOUR POWERS, YOU CAN DO ALMOST ANYTHING!
15


WREEEEE
BUT I CAN'T-- I'M A NORMAL MAN NOW! MY OPTIONS ARE MORE LIMITED--
--WHICH IS WHY I'VE TRAPPED YOU IN THAT GREEN KRYPTONITE BEAM*!
*Radiation from the GREEN variety of Kryptonite is POISONOUS to Kryptonians, and can DRAIN their super-strength.-- Julie
WITH THE PUSH OF ANOTHER BUTTON, REMOTE-CONTROLLED RESTRAINTS LOCK AROUND SUPERMAN'S EXTREMITIES --AND THE GREEN BEAM RETRACTS...
FOR NOW, SUPERMAN, YOU'RE MY PRISONER-- AND TOO WEAK TO BREAK FREE...
...BUT BY RE-ACTIVATING THE K-BEAM, I CAN EASILY KILL YOU!
YOU SEE, I COULD BE CONTENT WITH A NORMAL MAN'S LIFE--NAMELY CLARK KENT'S!
I LIKE BEING CLARK...HE'S GOT AN INTERESTING CAREER...
...AND WONDERFUL FRIENDS! ALL TOLD, IT COULD BE A VERY SATISFYING LIFE!
SUPPOSE I DID KILL YOU...THEN MASQUERADED AS SUPERMAN TO MAKE A PUBLIC ANNOUNCEMENT THAT SUPERMAN IS RE-TIRING! WHAT THEN--?
THEN YOU'D BE FREE TO LIVE OUT THE REST OF YOUR LIFE AS CLARK KENT...
...AND NO ONE WOULD QUESTION MY DISAPPEARANCE!
THAT'S EXACTLY MY PLAN...
...AND TO SET IT IN MOTION, ALL I NEED TO DO IS THROW THAT SWITCH!
NOW... WILL YOU VOLUNTARILY RELINQUISH YOUR CLARK KENT IDENTITY TO ME--
--OR MUST I KILL YOU?
16

BUT I NEED BEING CLARK-- I NEED A PRIVATE LIFE JUST LIKE ANYONE!
IN THE PAST, I'VE TRIED ASSUMING OTHER IDENTITIES-- BUT IT JUST DIDN'T WORK!
CLARK KENT IS AS MUCH A PART OF WHAT I AM AS KAL-EL OF KRYPTON IS!
MA AND PA KENT...THE WAY THEY RAISED ME... MY BOYHOOD IN SMALLVILLE--THEY MADE ME WHAT I AM--
...AND I'D SOONER DIE THAN GIVE IT UP!
=SIGH= SOMEHOW, I WAS AFRAID YOU'D SAY THAT! I GUESS WE REALLY DO THINK ALIKE!
I COULD HAVE DONE ALL THIS EARLIER--
--BUT I DIDN'T REALIZE UNTIL JUST YESTERDAY THAT I COULD USE KRYPTONITE AGAINST YOU...
...BECAUSE SINCE LOSING MY POWERS, I'M NOT AFFECTED BY IT!
MAYBE I WAS SUBCONSCIOUSLY RELUCTANT TO DO THIS!
AND PERHAPS HE STILL IS!...
I...I CAN'T...DO IT! CAN'T...BRING MYSELF... TO PULL THAT LEVER--!
JUST AS I EXPECTED--! AND NOW'S MY ONLY CHANCE!
HIS MOMENTARY HESITATION HAS JUST BOUGHT ME THE SECONDS I NEED...
WHOOSH
DISENGAGE TRAP
...TO USE THE LAST ERG OF MY FADING ENERGY TO MUSTER UP A SUPER-BREATH...
...TO PUSH HIS HAND AWAY FROM THAT LEVER-- AND ONTO THE BUTTON...
17

...THAT WILL RELEASE ME!
YOU MAY HAVE ESCAPED MY TRAP, SUPERMAN, BUT I'VE STILL GOT MY MECHANICAL SUPER-POWERS...
...AND I WON'T GIVE UP WITHOUT A FIGHT!
BAFF
BUT SUDDENLY...
HIS POWER-PACK CONTROLS... MUST'VE BEEN JAMMED WHEN HE HIT THE CONSOLE!
YAAAHH
THE ROCKET-THRUSTERS ON THE CLONE'S POWER-PACK ROAR TO LIFE, SEEMINGLY OF THEIR OWN VOLITION...
...THEN SPUTTER AND DIE JUST AS ABRUPTLY...
I KNEW HE'D BE UNABLE TO KILL ME! LIKE ME, HE FINDS THE IDEA OF TAKING LIFE ABOMINABLE..
...AND HE HAS MY MEMORY OF HAVING TAKEN AN OATH NEVER TO DO SO!
MOMENTS LATER...
THE POOR FOOL ALMOST PAID THE ULTIMATE PRICE FOR HIS SCRUPLES!
LUCKY HE DIDN'T BREAK HIS NECK!
HE CRASHED INTO THAT TREE--WITHOUT HIS HELMET! HIS FACE HAS BEEN HORRIBLY DISFIGURED!
THANKS TO HIS COSTUME, HIS ONLY OTHER INJURY IS A SLIGHT CONCUSSION! WITH PROPER MEDICAL CARE, HE'LL BE FINE!
HMM... IN HIS PRESENT STATE, HE'LL BE UNABLE TO RESIST SUPER-HYPNOTISM--
--WHICH GIVES ME AN IDEA OF HOW TO SOLVE BOTH HIS PROBLEM AND MINE!
18

CONCLUDED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING

LIFE SAVERS®

LOTS OF FUN AND FLAVORS!

Roll up in your very own Life Savers roll, and dream of all your favorite Life Savers flavors!

Navy blue canvas
12" x 14" x 2 3/4
$5 00 value

Plastic
Batteries not included 7 1/4 long
$6 00 value

Cotton cover, polyester fiberfill 75 x33
$19 95 value

Just think of all the fun you'll have with a Life Savers slumber bag! Add your very own Life Savers knapsack and flashlight, and every day can be a new Life Savers adventure! Get one or get them all Here s how to order:

TO ORDER Write the total number of each item you want in the proper boxes on the order form Fill in the form with your name and address and send it along with a check or money order payable to **Life Savers Premium.** Include 1 Life Savers® Roll Candy wrapper or 3 Life Savers® Lollipop wrappers for each item ordered and send to: **Life Savers Premium, P.O. BOX 7680, Stratmar Station, Bridgeport, Conn. 06650.**

Offer available in USA except where taxed, prohibited, or otherwise restricted *All prices include postage and handling. Allow 8 weeks for delivery Offer good through December 31 1981 Do not send cash

TO: Life Savers Premium, PO Box 7680, Stratmar Station, Bridgeport, Conn 06650.

Please send me the following items I have enclosed 1 Life Savers® Roll Candy wrapper or 3 Life Savers Lollipop wrappers for each item ordered

ITEM	COST*	QUANTITY	TOTAL
Slumber bag(s)	$12 50 ea	_____	$_____
Knapsack(s)	$ 2 90 ea	_____	$_____
Flashlight(s)	$ 3 50 ea	_____	$_____
Connecticut residents to add 7½% sales tax		**Total**	$_____

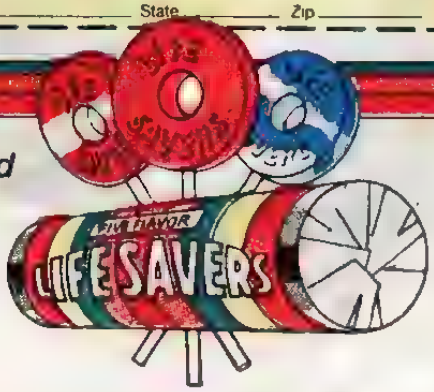
Name _____

Address _____

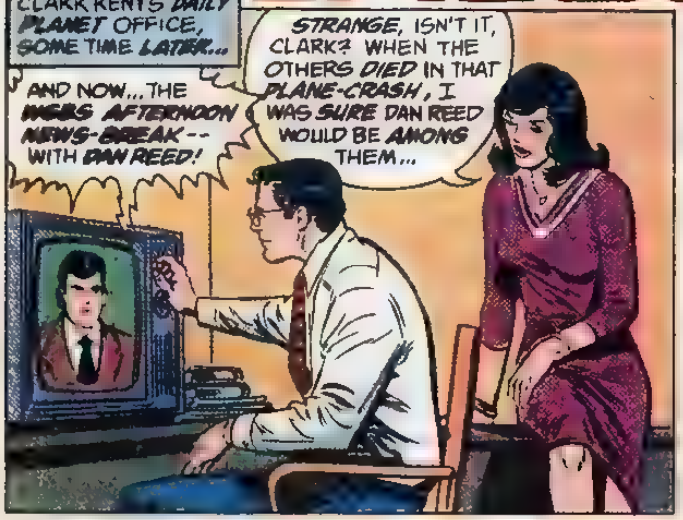
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

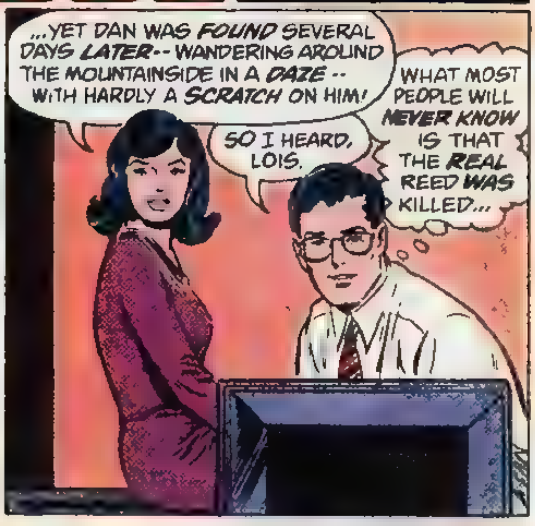
1981 Life Savers, Inc

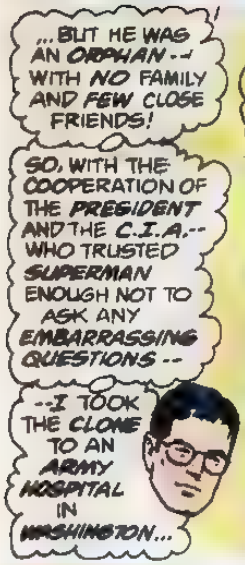
Life Savers Roll Candy and Lollipops. Lots of flavors for you, and lots of fun things to do!

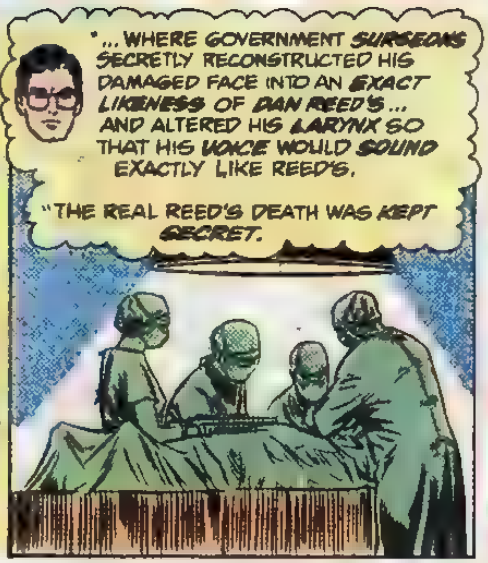


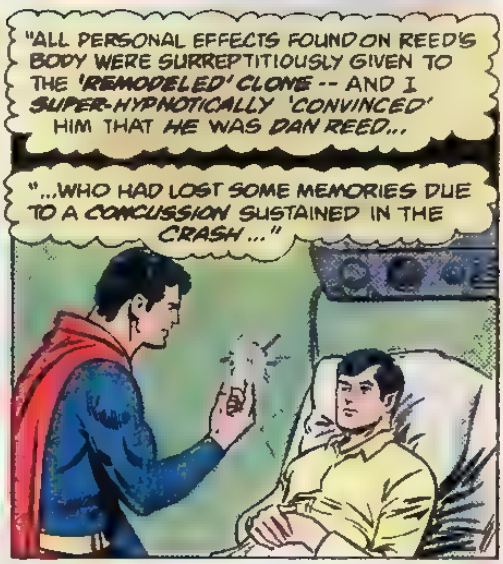
EPILOGUE

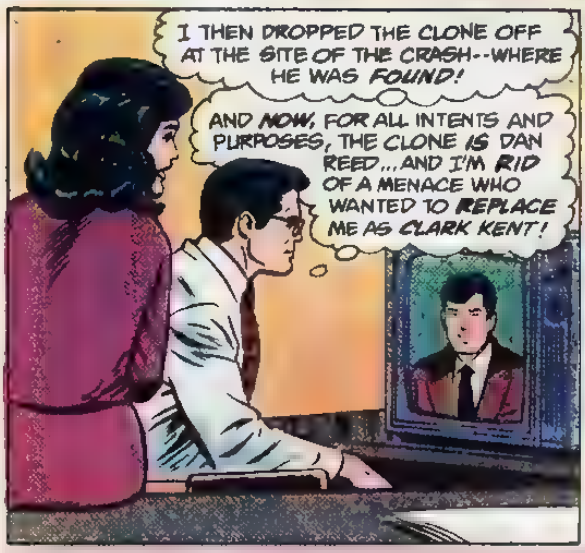

CLARK KENT'S DAILY PLANET OFFICE, SOME TIME LATER...
AND NOW... THE INGRS AFTERNOON NEWS-BREAK -- WITH DAN REED!
STRANGE, ISN'T IT, CLARK? WHEN THE OTHERS DIED IN THAT PLANE-CRASH, I WAS SURE DAN REED WOULD BE AMONG THEM...

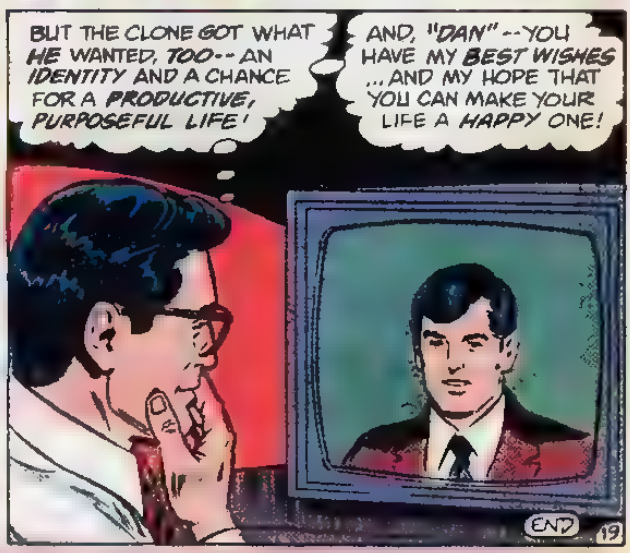

...YET DAN WAS FOUND SEVERAL DAYS LATER -- WANDERING AROUND THE MOUNTAINSIDE IN A DAZE -- WITH HARDLY A SCRATCH ON HIM!
SO I HEARD, LOIS.
WHAT MOST PEOPLE WILL NEVER KNOW IS THAT THE REAL REED WAS KILLED...


...BUT HE WAS AN ORPHAN -- WITH NO FAMILY AND FEW CLOSE FRIENDS!
SO, WITH THE COOPERATION OF THE PRESIDENT AND THE C.I.A. -- WHO TRUSTED SUPERMAN ENOUGH NOT TO ASK ANY EMBARRASSING QUESTIONS --
--I TOOK THE CLONE TO AN ARMY HOSPITAL IN WASHINGTON...


"...WHERE GOVERNMENT SURGEONS SECRETLY RECONSTRUCTED HIS DAMAGED FACE INTO AN EXACT LIKENESS OF DAN REED'S... AND ALTERED HIS LARYNX SO THAT HIS VOICE WOULD SOUND EXACTLY LIKE REED'S.
"THE REAL REED'S DEATH WAS KEPT SECRET.


"ALL PERSONAL EFFECTS FOUND ON REED'S BODY WERE SURREPTITIOUSLY GIVEN TO THE 'REMODELED' CLONE -- AND I SUPER-HYPNOTICALLY 'CONVINCED' HIM THAT HE WAS DAN REED...
"...WHO HAD LOST SOME MEMORIES DUE TO A CONCUSSION SUSTAINED IN THE CRASH..."


I THEN DROPPED THE CLONE OFF AT THE SITE OF THE CRASH--WHERE HE WAS FOUND!
AND NOW, FOR ALL INTENTS AND PURPOSES, THE CLONE IS DAN REED... AND I'M RID OF A MENACE WHO WANTED TO REPLACE ME AS CLARK KENT!


BUT THE CLONE GOT WHAT HE WANTED, TOO -- AN IDENTITY AND A CHANCE FOR A PRODUCTIVE, PURPOSEFUL LIFE!
AND, "DAN" -- YOU HAVE MY BEST WISHES ...AND MY HOPE THAT YOU CAN MAKE YOUR LIFE A HAPPY ONE!
END
19

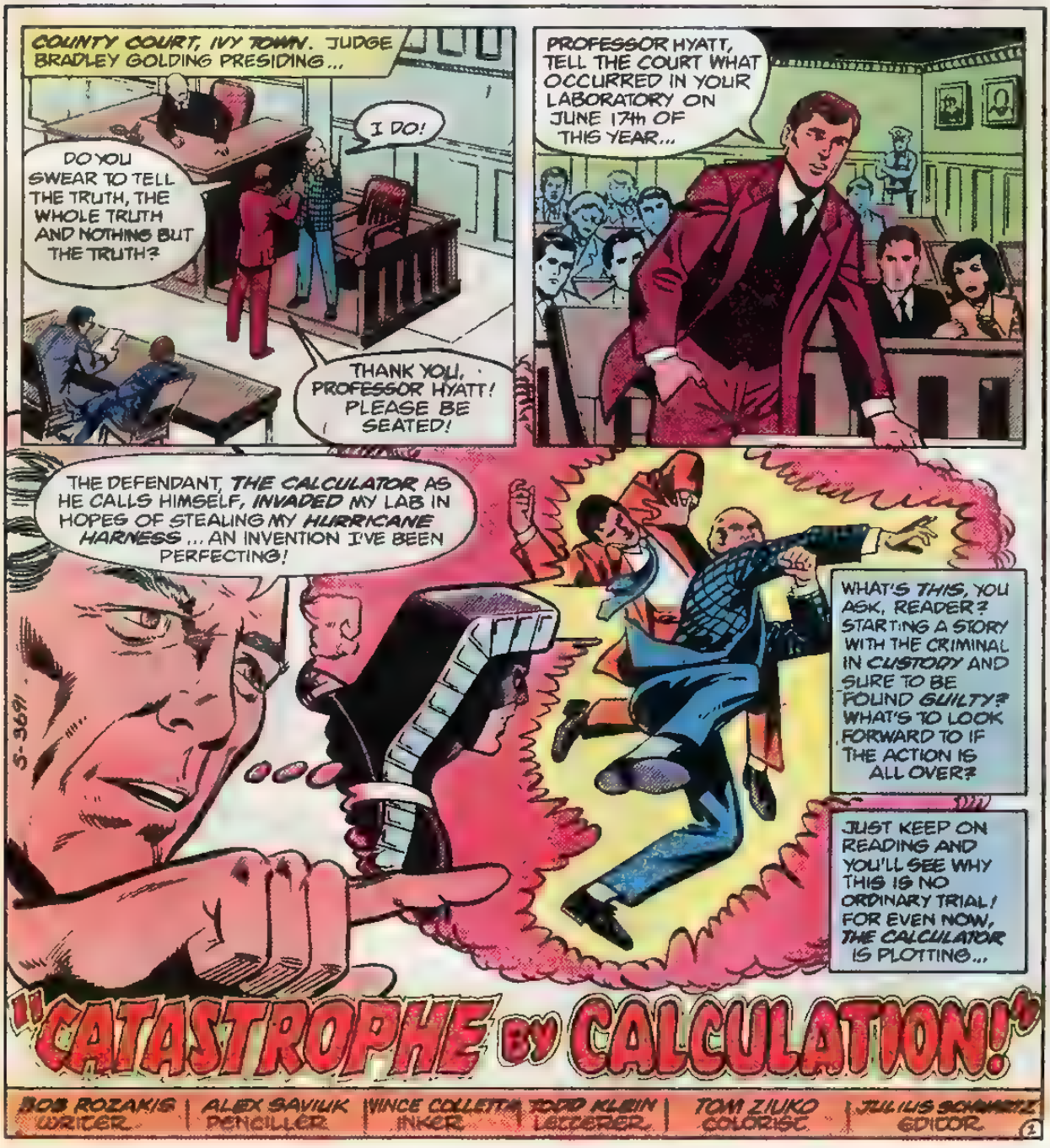
NEXT ISSUE: MARV WOLFMAN RETURNS AS WRITER... JOE STATON IS GUEST-ARTIST PLUS A NEW VILLAIN IN "NEUTRON NIGHTMARE!" ON SALE AUG. 20! IT'S A DATE!

UTILIZING A FRAGMENT OF A WHITE DWARF STAR, NUCLEAR PHYSICIST *RAY PALMER* HAS GAINED THE ABILITY TO SHRINK TO MICROSCOPIC SIZE!

WITH A HELMET DESIGNED BY HIS DECEASED FATHER, *HAL JORDAN* CARRIES ON A FAMILY TRADITION BY RIDING THE RADIO WAVES!

TOGETHER THEY ARE THE *ACTION-PLUS ADVENTURERS*...

The ATOM™ AND AIRWAVE™

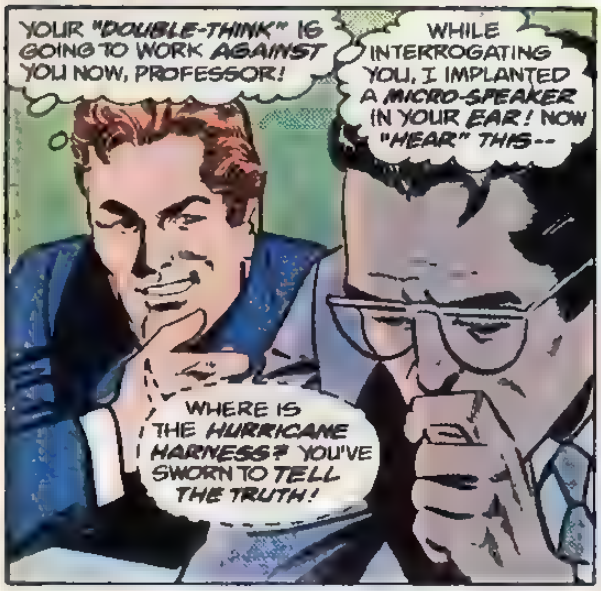

COUNTY COURT, IVY TOWN. JUDGE BRADLEY GOLDING PRESIDING...
DO YOU SWEAR TO TELL THE TRUTH, THE WHOLE TRUTH AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH?
I DO!
THANK YOU, PROFESSOR HYATT! PLEASE BE SEATED!
PROFESSOR HYATT, TELL THE COURT WHAT OCCURRED IN YOUR LABORATORY ON JUNE 17th OF THIS YEAR...
THE DEFENDANT, *THE CALCULATOR* AS HE CALLS HIMSELF, *INVADED* MY LAB IN HOPES OF STEALING MY *HURRICANE HARNESS*... AN INVENTION I'VE BEEN PERFECTING!
S-369!
WHAT'S *THIS*, YOU ASK, READER? STARTING A STORY WITH THE CRIMINAL IN *CUSTODY* AND SURE TO BE FOUND *GUILTY*? WHAT'S TO LOOK FORWARD TO IF THE ACTION IS ALL OVER?
JUST KEEP ON READING AND YOU'LL SEE WHY THIS IS NO ORDINARY TRIAL! FOR EVEN NOW, *THE CALCULATOR* IS PLOTTING...

"CATASTROPHE BY CALCULATION!"

BOB ROZAKIS WRITER | ALEX SAVIUK PENCILLER | VINCE COLLETTA INKER | TODD KLEIN LETTERER | TOM ZIUKO COLORIST | JULIUS SCHWARTZ EDITOR

"I LOST CONSCIOUSNESS AND WHEN I REGAINED IT, I WAS HAVING MY MIND PROBED BY THE DEFENDANT...
TELL ME, PROFESSOR-- WHERE IS YOUR HURRICANE HARNESS?
"FORTUNATELY, I CAN THINK OF TWO THINGS AT ONCE AND WAS ABLE TO RESIST HIS COMMAND--

"SUDDENLY, OUT OF NOWHERE, THE ATOM CAME TO MY ASSISTANCE, ADVISING ME HOW TO DEFEAT THE CALCULATOR..."
EEYAHH!


YOUR "DOUBLE-THINK" IS GOING TO WORK AGAINST YOU NOW, PROFESSOR!
WHILE INTERROGATING YOU, I IMPLANTED A MICRO-SPEAKER IN YOUR EAR! NOW "HEAR" THIS--
WHERE IS THE HURRICANE HARNESS? YOU'VE SWORN TO TELL THE TRUTH!

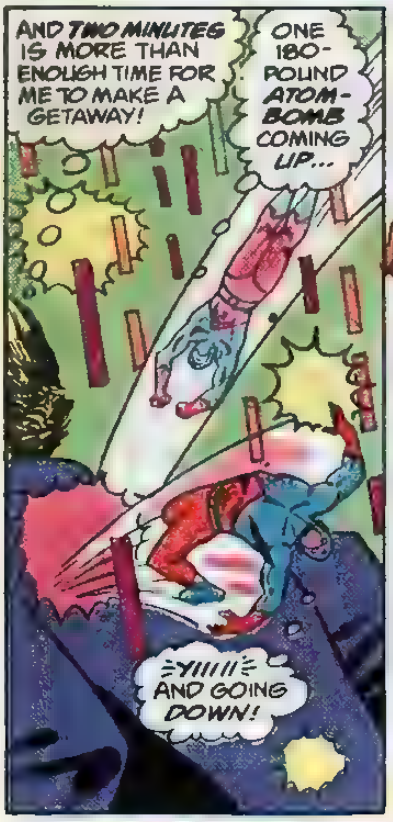
IT'S IN THE TIME POOL!
WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE SAYING--?

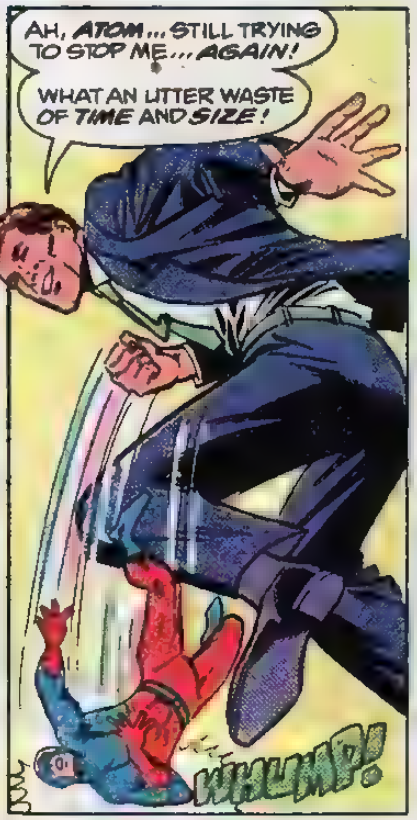
I JUST ANSWERED YOUR LAST QUESTION, SIR!
I MEAN, YOU DID ASK ONE, DIDN'T YOU?
DEFINITELY NOT!
HA! MAYBE THE GUY'S AN ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR!

RAY, WHAT'S GOING ON?
I'M NOT SURE, JEAN--
--BUT SOMEHOW THE CALCULATOR JUST GOT PROFESSOR HYATT TO REVEAL WHERE THE HARNESS IS!
2

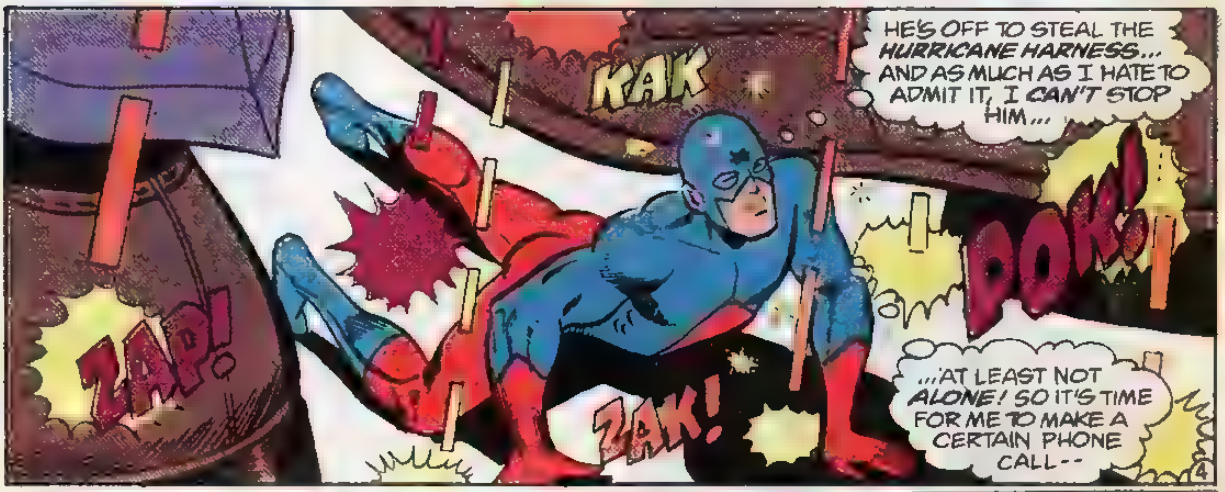
ORDER IN THE COURT!
RUP!
RUP
ZAP
ZAP
WRONG, JUDGE IT'S DISORDER IN THE COURT
GREAT THUNDER! HE RIGGED THIS COURTROOM SO HE COULD MAKE HIS ESCAPE!
...A COMPUTERIZED CACOPHONY COURTESY OF THE CALCULATOR!
HOW COULD HE HAVE CALCULATED THINGS SO FAR IN ADVANCE?
ZAP
BZZ
ZUP
POW
EVERYBODY'S SO BUSY DUCKING THIS "ALIEN INVASION" NO ONE WILL NOTICE MY IDENTITY CHANGE--
KLIK!
--DOWN DOWN... DOWN TO ATOM-SIZE!
KLIK!

HAHA! THOSE FOOLS ARE COWERING LIKE SCARED RABBITS!
ZAK
ZAP!
BY MY CALCULATIONS, IT WILL BE AT LEAST TWO MINUTES BEFORE ANYONE REALIZES THESE "EXPLOSIONS" ARE HARMLESS!
KAK!





WHY CAN'T YOU GET IT INTO YOUR TINY THICK HEAD -- I AM IMMUNE TO ALL YOUR ATTACKS... WHETHER I'M IN COSTUME OR NOT!
KRAK
GOOD-BYE AND GOOD RIDDANCE!
KRASH


KAK
ZAP!
ZAK!
HE'S OFF TO STEAL THE HURRICANE HARNESS... AND AS MUCH AS I HATE TO ADMIT IT, I CAN'T STOP HIM...
POK!
...AT LEAST NOT ALONE! SO IT'S TIME FOR ME TO MAKE A CERTAIN PHONE CALL--
4

CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING

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"--TO DALLAS, TEXAS..."
HELLO--?
MIND IF I SAY MY HELLO IN PERSON, HAL?
THE ATOM!? WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE?
THE TELEPHONE, OF COURSE!
BUT SERIOUSLY, IT'S AN EMERGENCY FOR WHICH I NEED AIR WAVE'S ASSISTANCE!
YOU NEED MY HELP?
GOLLY, HOW CAN A NOVICE LIKE ME HELP A VETERAN SUPER-HERO LIKE YOU?
I'LL EXPLAIN... WHILE YOU SWITCH TO YOUR FIGHTING DUDS!
MOMENTS LATER, THE ATOM AND AIR WAVE ARE TELEPORTING SPACEWARD...
HERE WE GO--TO IVY TOWN--
--VIA THE JUSTICE LEAGUE TRANSPORTER!
...THEN EARTHWARD, WHERE--
IT WASN'T HARD TO FIGURE YOU'D BE HERE IN PROF. HYATT'S LAB, CALCULATOR!
ATOM, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO MAKE A FOOLHARDY MOVE TO STOP ME FROM GETTING THE HURRICANE HARNESS--?
NOT ME-- I'M LEAVING THAT TO MY PARTNER--

--AIR WAVE!
HAH! REALLY, ATOM! I MEAN, YOU'RE A LITTLE GUY, BUT AT LEAST YOU'RE AN ADULT!
KRAK
BAM
YOUR SIDEKICK'S JUST A KID!
YOU'D BE BETTER OFF TAKING HIM TO THE PARK AND PLAYING SOFTBALL WITH HIM!
TIK TAK TOK
AIR WAVE, EH? LET'S SEE WHAT YOUR READOUT IS...
ZILCH
HA HA HA
HAHA! YOU DIDN'T EVEN MAKE IT INTO MY DATABANK!
THIS YOUR FIRST TIME IN THE SUPER-HERO RACKET, KIDDO?
YOU SOUND LIKE A BAD IMITATION OF DON RICKLES!
I'VE BEEN TRAINED BY GREEN LANTERN, GREEN ARROW, AND BLACK CANARY!
A PITY THEY DIDN'T WARN YOU ABOUT ME! I'M NOT YOUR RUN-OF-THE-MILL SUPER-VILLAIN, YOU KNOW!
WATCH OUT, AIR WAVE--HE'S MOUNTING A COMPUTERIZED ATTACK!
TAK
TIK TOK
I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU, ATOM--YOU NEVER GIVE UP!
MMMMPH!
TIK TAK

THIS "GLAD-HAND" THE CALCULATOR'S EXTENDED MAY HOLD A SIX-INCH ATOM--
--BUT A MILLIMETER* ONE IS ANOTHER STORY!
*0.03937 OF AN INCH!--JULIE
WHAT HAVE YOU GOT INSIDE THAT COMPUTER OF YOURS--LARRY HOLMES?
LET'S JUST SAY THAT NOT EVERYTHING GETS PUNCHED IN, KIDDO--
WOK!
--SOMETIMES THERE'S A PUNCHING OUT INVOLVED!
AT LAST--THE HURRICANE HARNESS!
TWO AGAINST ONE MAY BE A VIOLATION OF THE MARQUESS OF QUEENSBERRY RULES--
THWAK
--BUT THERE'LL BE NO KNOCKOUT ON OUR SIDE!
THERE--THE GOOD GUYS WIN THIS ROUND--HANDS DOWN!
BOK!
THEN I'LL HAVE TO RING THE BELL AND BEGIN ROUND TWO!
TIK TOK
BONG!
7

JOKE YOUR WAY OUT OF THIS, ATOM!
NOW, AIR WAVE-- GO!
THAT'S ATOM'S SIGNAL FOR ME TO RIDE THE CALCULATOR'S ENERGY-OUTPUT JUST LIKE RADIO WAVES!
AS WE PLANNED--HERE I GO INSIDE HIS HEADPIECE!
WHAT IS THIS? IT DIDN'T FIGURE IN MY CALCULATIONS--
LOOKS LIKE YOU'LL BE DOING ALL YOUR CALCULATIONS ON PAPER FROM HERE ON, MIS-CALCULATOR!
POW
BRZZZP
OH, WELL-- AT LEAST THIS WASN'T A TOTAL LOSS! I HAVE IMMUNITY FROM AIR WAVE FROM NOW ON!
LATER, WHEN THE DEPROGRAMMED CALCULATOR HAS BEEN IMPRISONED...
THANKS, AIR WAVE-- YOU WERE A BIG HELP!
AND YOU WERE A SMALL ONE, ATOM!
NOW, HOW ABOUT GETTING ME BACK TO DALLAS IN TIME FOR DINNER!
NO
NO PROBLEM! WHAT'S ON THE MENU?
COUSIN JAN'S SPECIAL TEXAS CHILI!
MMM... MAYBE I'LL COME WITH YOU!
NEXT ISSUE! AN AIRWAVE SOLO ADVENTURE!

Once again, the pressures of inflation have brought us to the point where we have had to raise our price—but once again we're not asking more *from* you without giving more *to* you. Your bonus for this issue—and following issues—is two additional pages of story/art for the lead *Superman* story. Unlike our competitors, we have raised our books to 27 story pages, 6 more pages than Marvel's 21, making us even at our higher price a better buy per page. We're quite sure that as the effects of inflation hit us all, the other comic companies will soon be raising their prices as well, making us an even better comparative value.

Dear Action Aces:

"Where the Space-Winds Blow" in *ACTION* #519 had several elements of humor in evidence. Whether the humor was intended or not, I don't know, but it sure seemed funny to me and I'll explain why.

First of all, the alien being's exit from the huge white orb reminded me of a chicken hatching from an egg. (And I know all about chickens, living on a chicken farm as I do.) Then there's the appearance of the alien; he really didn't look much like an alien. He looked more like a rock & roll star wearing yellow greasepaint make-up. While the Xanthos alien didn't hold an electric guitar, he did possess a magic wand-like spear as a weapon. (Considering some of the so-called music going around today, an electric guitar is a weapon!) The alien's name *A'Abah* seemed more like an African name. Next we see a giant green "rock hound" making like a bulldozer by digging up the Grand Canyon. This "kill-dozer" slapped *Superman* around like a rag doll while the alien went "Fazzoom" with his magic spear and—SURPRISE!—no more mauling mean giant. It's hard to believe that *Superman*, with all his powers, couldn't dent the beast while a kid with a pogo stick could make it go kaflooey.

When Amanda Monroe said, "I think you've found a home!" to A'Abah, she was right. He'll fit in just right with the punk rock generation. Heck, he could walk through the streets unnoticed! Now, don't you think that was funny? I did...and I loved every minute of it. A great story!

Moving along to more serious matters...the *Aquaman* story, "Family Plot", was a real thriller. *Aquaman* turns up with a surprise father in Poseidon and a surprise writer: Len Wein. Len continued the DeMatteis story flow nicely and presented not only an action-packed tale, but threw in some info on the origins of *Aquaman* and Poseidon as an added bonus.

TIM WAHOWSKE,
2307 Braidwood Road,
Emmett, MI 48022

More important than learning that you enjoyed the issue, Tim, was finding out that you live on a chicken farm! —BR

• • •

Dear Julie,

Although this was the third straight issue of *ACTION COMICS* featuring aliens, I liked the alien in #519 more than the previous ones. A'Abah started out as an unfeeling, computer-like person and at the end showed potential to lose that aloofness and become a *Superman*-style crusader. *Superman* learned a lesson as well; his interference doesn't always mean a bad situation will become good. I'm glad this is becoming a more prevalent trend (We saw a similar situation in the *Superman/J'onn J'onzz* team-up in *DC COMICS PRESENTS!*) and maybe now *Superman* will realize that he has limitations and can be hurt.

I liked the way the story kept on building up from the anamoly to Mandy's striking up a new friendship with the alien. I don't care for the lightning cold striking the station at the same time *Superman* was there; I would have preferred him to find out later. Mandy was either brave or stupid for remaining near the dish while it was transmitting. I also couldn't understand her reaction when the bubble appeared. She should have been running as fast and as far as she possibly could away from the unknown. Nevertheless, I won't mind if she appears again.

LEONA CANTIN,
58 Hayden Avenue,
Tiverton, RI 02878

Mandy's reaction when the bubble appeared is just as you described it, Leona. She was either brave or stupid!—BR

• • •

Dear Editor:

Don't tell me! A'Abah is to be the next member of the *Justice League!* No? Then surely you're going to send him into deep space to find a new homeworld! Wrong? Holy crow! Then, you don't mean...Bob Rozakis has secured A'Abah (harpoon and all) for the job of official DC letter opener! Absolutely not?!?

Then just what astounding and spectacular thing will be done with him? Nothing!!! Finally, a writer with enough guts to let an alien from space enjoy a peaceful, normal life on Earth. Good work!

PAT BAIN,
5 Lovers Lane,
Rolla, MO 65401

Well, A'Abah will have a peaceful, normal life until one of our writers decides to bring him back again!—BR

• • •

Dear Editor:

I went to the store yesterday and bought five new DC comics. I always enjoy reading the best comic last, so I put *ACTION* #519 on the bottom of the pile. It didn't let me down!

First I read "Family Plot" and I was very surprised. I really liked it. I don't particularly care for *Aquaman*, but the Wein/DeMatteis story made me forget all about *The Atom* and look forward to next issue's chapter.

The highlight of the issue, however, was "Where the Space-Winds Blow!" I applauded page 7 as Clark finally showed some spunk and asked Steve Lombard to leave. This and *Superman's* apology to A'Abah for distrusting him showed that the Man of Steel isn't perfect...but Gerry Conway is!

The art was SWANSATIONAL! The top half of page 11 should be framed. It must take Curt Swan a great deal of time to draw the way he does; his worst is better than most other artists' best! How about an issue explaining Curt's super-powers?

DOMENIC ROMANO,
68 Iangrove Terrace,
Toronto, Ont. M1W-2H2

Sure...and we could get Superman to illustrate it!—BR

• • •

Dear Editor:

On the cover of *ACTION* #519, just off to the left of the alien, is that "RICHARD GIORDANO" written in the cliffs?

TODD McFARLANE,
2476 Capitol Hill Crescent,
Calgary, Alb.

It sure is! And as of this writing you are the only person who spotted it!—Bob Rozakis

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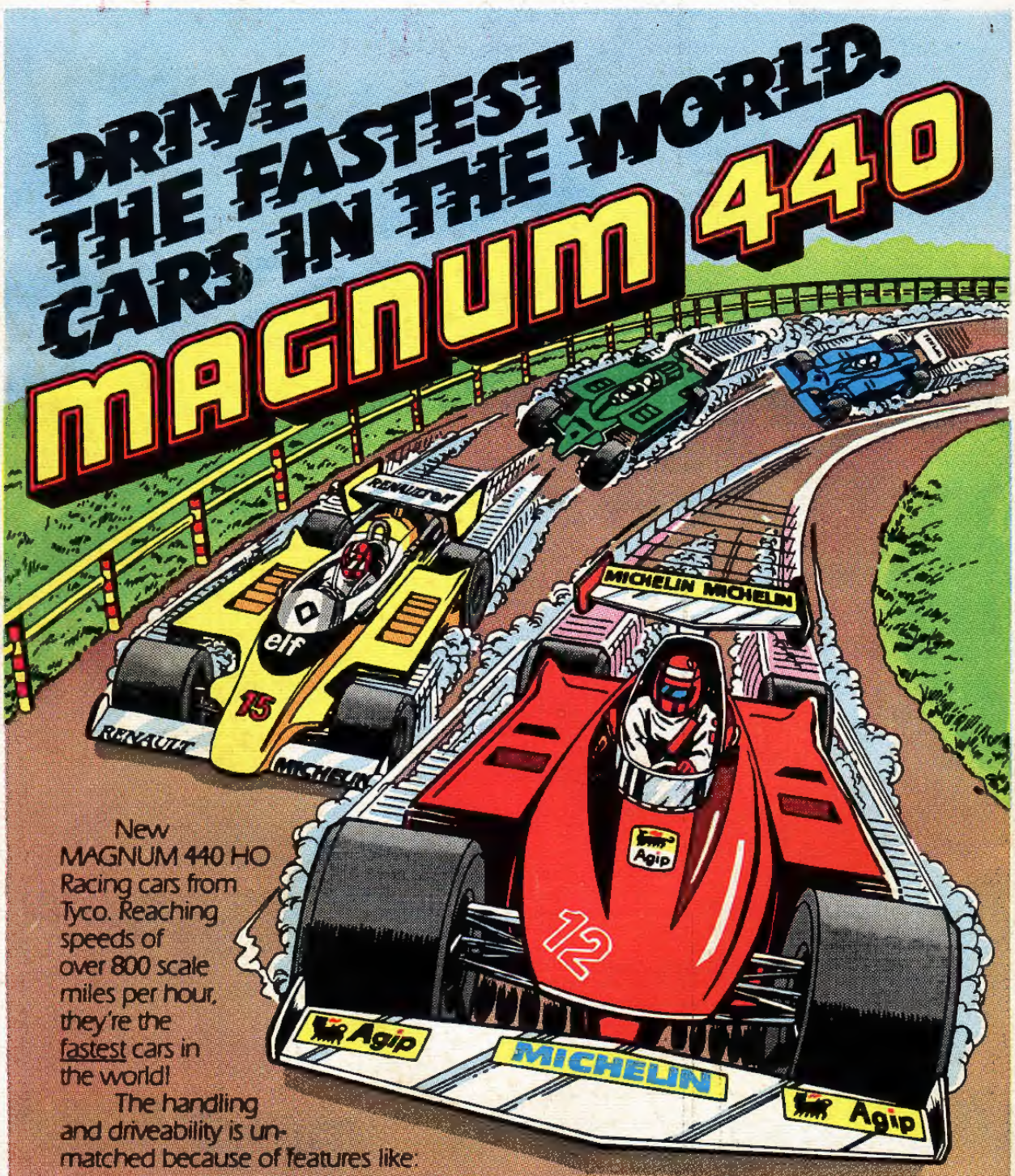

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